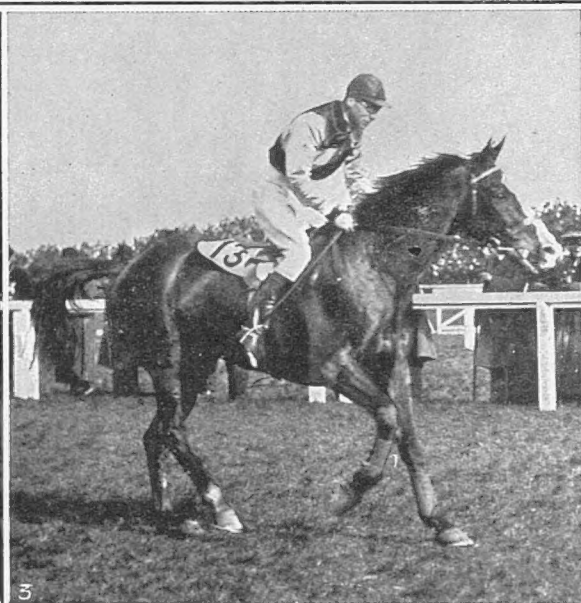


The Sketch

No. 948.—Vol. LXXIII.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 29, 1911.

SIXPENCE.



1. THE BEGINNING OF THE GRAND NATIONAL: THE TWENTY-SIX RUNNERS STARTING.

2. "MORE DANGEROUS THAN AN OCEAN DERELICT": THE RIDERLESS RORY O'MOORE COMES OVER BEECHER'S BROOK.

3. NO. 13, BUT THE ONLY HORSE THAT DID NOT MEET WITH A MISHAP: GLENSIDE, THE WINNER, "SHUFFLES" TO THE POST.

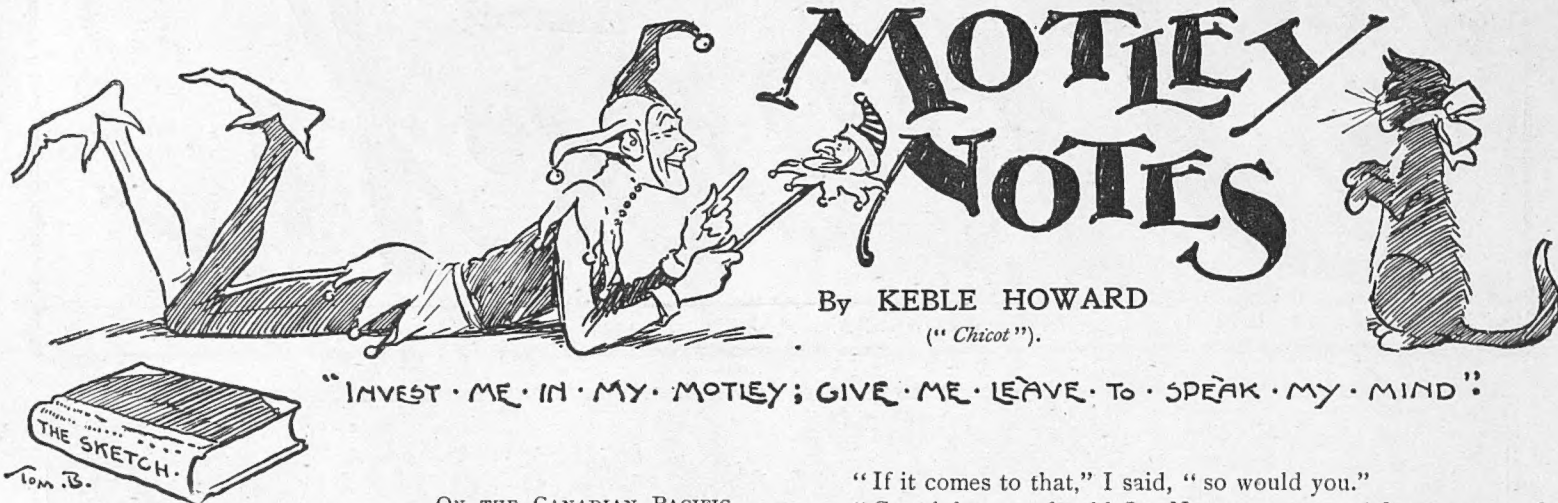
4. THE WINNER IN CONSIDERABLE TROUBLE: GLENSIDE STUMBLES AT ANCHOR BRIDGE.

5. THE END OF THE GRAND NATIONAL: GLENSIDE REACHES THE WINNING-POST ALONE IN HIS GLORY.

THE "SHUFFLING" WIN FOR NO. 13: THE REMARKABLE GRAND NATIONAL.

The Grand National proved a very remarkable race. There were twenty-six starters, but, as the "Mail" put it, "Glenside shuffled painfully up to the Grand National winning-post alone in his glory." He "barely had sufficient strength left to negotiate the last obstacle, and his progress to victory after that . . . was not made without apprehensions that he would collapse before reaching the goal." The same writer points out that Glenside was the only horse to escape mishap, and says, "In case there should be a fresh outcry against the severity of the jumps, it should be said that they were not responsible for half the mischief. . . . Loose horses were the principal agents of destruction. . . . In a field of nearly thirty, going full pelt from the start, a riderless animal becomes more dangerous than an ocean derelict." Glenside belongs to Mr. F. Bibby.

Photographs by Topical and C.N.



ON THE CANADIAN PACIFIC.

AT last I am fairly in the straight for home. A few thousand miles of railway, a few thousand miles of sea, and I shall see dear old London again. What a time!

We left Vancouver in a deluge of rain, but this has changed to snow-clad mountains. How would you like to spend an hour or two on the Asulkan Glacier, friend the reader? "A gem of mountain beauty, where a series of white cascades foam through vistas of dark spruce and fir, where falls leap from ledges above in clouds of flying spray, and shining open meadows lead the traveller to listen for the tinkle of the Alpine herd." I wonder who wrote that? At any rate, I have no intention of endeavouring to compete with him, especially as it is presented to one free of charge. Had I his pen, however, I would describe for you our thrilling climb to the top of the mountains—the two huge engines labouring, puffing, panting in front, and the thirteen Pullman cars of which our train is composed winding slowly after them like a great snake. Sometimes our curves are so sharp that one could almost shake hands with the drivers of the engines. From the observation-car, we gaze upwards at a towering wall of snow, or peer timidly downwards into the bed of a torrent hundreds of feet below. (I find that I am beginning to do it, after all.)

We have left Medicine Hat behind us. There is some talk of changing the name of Medicine Hat. The inhabitants of the city complain that their neighbours will not take them seriously, and that the world at large mistakes them for a conjuring trick. I think they are wrong. Once heard, the name of Medicine Hat could never be forgotten. It is better, just a trifle, than Moose Jaw. Moose Jaw, though, is a very good name for a city. There are twelve thousand people, they tell me, at Moose Jaw, and only six thousand at Medicine Hat. The Medicinal Hatters must not be in the least downcast on this account. They will grow in numbers. Rudyard Kipling referred to their city as the "town that was born lucky." Do you know why? Nobody has much of a gas-bill to pay at Medicine Hat. There is a constant supply of natural gas—enough to light the town and work all the engines. Apart from that, the snowfall at Medicine Hat is lighter and the winter shorter than anywhere else in Canada east of the Rocky Mountains.

One cannot say so much about Moose Jaw. In point of fact, I scarcely think I shall say anything more about that city at all. Moose Jaw, as a subject, is entirely closed.

There is a man on this train I do not like at all. He is a middle-aged man, cumbersome in build, with grey whiskers. His clothes are black, and he wears a hard black hat of the type affected, once upon a time, by Mr. Winston Churchill. I think Mr. Churchill, if I remember rightly, lost the Manchester election in that hat: this man will end by wrecking our train.

He has already succeeded in wrecking my nerves. He engaged me in conversation this morning for nearly two hours.

"Do you realise," he said, "what would happen to you if this train met with a serious accident?"

"Yes," I said. "Do you like apples?"

"You think you do," he went on, ignoring the question of apples; "but I doubt it very much. Have you considered that we are five hundred miles from any hospital? Do you understand that it would be at least twelve hours before assistance could reach you, or you could reach assistance? You would die on the way, Sir, of your injuries. People do not give sufficient consideration to this fact. I know what I am talking about. You would certainly die on your way to the hospital."

"If it comes to that," I said, "so would you."

"Certainly; so should I. Now, to-morrow afternoon we shall pass a place where a train ran off the line and into a lake. Three Pullman cars, Sir, in a lake. What happened to the passengers in those cars, Sir? They were drowned in ice-cold water. They were caught like rats in a trap. The water mounted inch by inch, inch by inch. They climbed on to the seats, but the water reached them there. Some managed to keep their heads just out of the water—it stopped short of the ceilings by a few inches—but they could not hold on. Their hands were frozen. One by one, they sank into the ice-cold water and were drowned."

"Very interesting," I said. "I think I'll see what my friend is doing."

"Hold on. We shall pass the spot where that happened to-morrow afternoon about four o'clock. I'd like very much to point it out to you. The line runs close to the edge of the lake, and there is a big curve. You can never tell when these things are going to happen. The snow falls, there is a 'wash-out,' and all is up. It is impossible, you see, to inspect a line such as this as closely as you would inspect your little lines over in England."

"About what time of year," I asked carelessly, "would this be likely to happen?"

"Just about now," was the prompt answer.

"Really? Very interesting! Excuse me, but I really ought to find my friend. He may be dull."

My friend is a young Englishman whose acquaintance I made soon after leaving Vancouver. He has all his life before him, or nearly all of it. He has health, kind friends, and fond relatives. For all I know to the contrary, he is in love (if he is not, he ought to be). I take pride in the fact that, up to the present, I have repeated nothing of the black-clothed man's story.

WINNIPEG.

Getting on. We are now one thousand four hundred and eighty-four miles from Vancouver, despite the gloomy stories of the black-clothed man. There is no doubt that this incessant railway travelling gets on one's nerves. The lack of exercise is bad, and the sleeping-cars are bound to get stuffy at night. I feel that, once back in England, I shall walk always to my destination, or have myself gently propelled in a bath-chair.

It is quite cold here—twenty-six degrees below zero. This needs care when one ventures out of the hotel, but there are compensations. It is amusing to see everybody with frozen beards or moustaches. It is interesting, further, to note that everybody, of whatever station in life, wears a fur coat. The fur coat is absolutely essential to the preservation of life. (You will remember that I am writing in the winter.) Even the very beggars in the streets wear fur coats. Perhaps they are supplied free of charge by the Corporation, being cheaper than funerals. I must put an intelligent inquiry to somebody about that.

We have quite a nice old waiter at our hotel. He is a Londoner, and I asked him if he felt homesick.

"Homesick, Sir?" he answered. "Not a bit of it. Canada's good enough for me. You see, Sir, there's no call for old waiters in London. You can't get a decent job, and that's a fact. They prefer the young ones. And then there's the stairs. I can't manage stairs so well as I used to do, and it's all stairs in England. Here it's all elevators. Besides, I've got a couple of married daughters in Canada, but no kith or kin of any kind in England. So, taking one thing with another, I guess I'll put in the rest of my time this side. Yes, Sir; and thank you."

WELL KNOWN IN SOCIETY: LADY GERARD.



LADY GERARD, WIFE OF FREDERIC JOHN GERARD, THIRD BARON AND A BARONET.

In view of the law case that has been so much discussed, this portrait of Lady Gerard is of special interest at the moment. Before her marriage to Lord Gerard, which took place in 1906, four years after he had succeeded to the title, Lady Gerard was Miss Mary Frances Emma Gosselin. She is a daughter of the late Sir Martin Le Marchant Hadsley Gosselin, and a cousin of her husband. Lord Gerard was born in 1883, and is a Captain in the Royal Horse Guards. His sister is Baroness de Forest.

Photograph by Speaight.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE CREWS WILDLY

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN. (WITH

L. G. WORMALD.

R. E. BURGESS. C. E. TINNÉ.

E. MILLINGTON-DRAKE.

D. MACKINNON.

A. S. GARTON.

FOR SALE



R. C. BOURNE.

C. W. B. LITTLEJOHN.

H. B. WELLS.

BLUES SEEN BY A COMIC

Lest our readers should carry away merely a "caricature" impression of the features of the rival crews, we may draw attention to the fact with that of the camera man in each case. This year's contest bids fair to be a close one, as both crews excel under different

CARICATURED: THE DARK BLUES AND THE LIGHT.

(SUBJECT APOLOGIES TO ALL CONCERNED.)

S. E. SWANN. P. V. G. VAN DER BYL. R. LE BLANC SMITH.

J. B. ROSHER.

F. E. HELLYER. G. E. FAIRBAIRN.

FOR SALE.



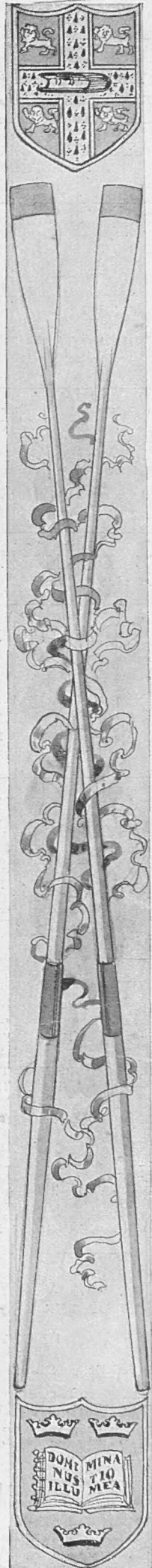
C. A. SKINNER.

R. W. M. ARBUTHNOT.

C. F. BURNAND.

ARTIST—WITH THE BLUES.

That actual photographs of them are given on another page of this Issue. It will be interesting to compare the work of the caricaturist with the actual conditions: it is said that a good deal will depend on the state of the wind. The race will be rowed at about 2.30 on Saturday, April 1.



HIS MAJESTY'S. Proprietor: Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree.
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 Every Evening at 8.10. Matinee Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.30.

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BOAT-RACE GOSSIP.

THE Boat-Race is rowed now under such well-defined conditions that the rules of earlier contests read like a farce. Cambridge, when first challenged, would not hear of restricting the race to undergraduates; they preferred a sort of "Cambridge, Past, Present, and Future." If chaos obtained in relation to the terms of the race, the conditions on the river certainly accorded. Steamers chivied the boats, and one, in 1849, kept so short a distance ahead that her wash all but swamped both crews as they shot Barnes Bridge. That was a memorable year. In it the sporting spirit was born, for the young Spartans engaged actually agreed, for the first time, to bar crossing and fouling!

In the days of "Hang-Theology Rogers," Balliol was a great boating college, with a Master dead against the sport. "Rowing men," he was wont to say, "are very respectable, but thin." To what depths of villainy "thin" undergraduates descended he was never prevailed upon to declare. He was converted in a wholly unexpected manner. An undergraduate was drowned in Sandford Lasher, a tragedy which not unnaturally intensified the Master's horror of rowing. He consented, however, to visit the scene of the accident, and see for himself what the conditions were. He ambled over on his fat pony, and, strange to say, what should he see but the college boat with its crew at the oars! Pretending ignorance of his presence, they gave an exhibition of their skill then and there. He was electrified. Having come to curse, he was compelled by admiration to acclaim. "Beautiful! beautiful!" he cried. "It is as the act of one man!" And on the spot the Master became a convert to rowing.

Someone has blundered. We have not had a diet boom this year. Not long ago, the Cantabs were declared so passionately to love hard-boiled eggs that they ate hardly anything else. Three years ago, oranges for the Oxford crew sent a well-known paper into ecstasies. If only the rival captains could have been shown sharing a fourteen-pound loaf of Standard bread this year, how happy a million readers would have been! The funny thing about the orange diet—a specific for influenza, its vendors declare—is that that year the Oxford crew had influenza most disgracefully, and No. 5, on the day before the race, had a temperature of 102. He was doctored up for the row, and pulled like ten men and a boy—doubtless a case of auto-hypnotisation.

This uneventful year we have been denied another of the sensations of a former day. Mr. Keir Hardie, going down to Cambridge four years ago, was severely ragged by a number of anti-Socialist undergrads. The incident was followed by a message placed in the hands of the Cambridge President. "Look out on the Thames! Socialists will smash up boat." A clean cut from melodrama and the picture-theatre drama. Nobody worried much about it, but, as the Cantab President had refused to sign the apology sent to Mr. Keir Hardie, he gave a careful eye to his boat and men prior to the race—and won.

TO ARTISTS, AUTHORS, AND PHOTOGRAPHERS.

TO ARTISTS.—Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement. Every drawing submitted must bear the name and address of the artist, and be fully titled.

TO AUTHORS.—The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature, and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.—In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright. With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect. The name and address of the sender must be written carefully on the back of each photograph submitted, and each print must be fully titled.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—are particularly desired.

SPECIAL NOTE TO AMATEURS.—The Editor will be glad to consider Photographs of beautiful landscapes, buildings, etc., and will pay at the customary rate for any used. Photographs of comparatively unknown "sights" are preferred to prints of well-known and continually photographed places.

GENERAL NOTICES.—Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders; but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent for his approval.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

"SKETCH" EDITORIAL OFFICES, MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.

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TRAIN-BEARERS AND PAGES-OF-HONOUR FOR THE KING:
TO ACT AT THE CORONATION OF HIS MAJESTY.



1. THE HON. EDWARD GEORGE KNOLLYS, SON OF LORD KNOLLYS—PAGE-OF-HONOUR.
2. LORD ROMILLY, THE FOURTH BARON—TRAIN-BEARER.
3. LORD CRANBORNE, ELDER SON OF LORD SALISBURY—TRAIN-BEARER.
4. MR. ANTHONY LOWTHER, SON OF MR. LANCELOT LOWTHER—PAGE-OF-HONOUR.

5. MR. VICTOR ALEXANDER HARBORD, SON OF MR. CHARLES HARBORD AND GRANDSON OF LORD SUFFIELD—PAGE-OF-HONOUR.
6. LORD HARTINGTON, ELDER SON OF THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE—TRAIN-BEARER.
7. MR. WALTER CAMPBELL, SON OF SIR WALTER CAMPBELL—PAGE-OF-HONOUR.

It is understood that amongst those who will bear the King's train at the Coronation will be Lord Romilly, Lord Cranborne, and Lord Hartington; while it is further stated that his Majesty's Pages-of-Honour for the same occasion will include Mr. Edward George Knollys, Mr. Anthony Lowther, Mr. Victor Alexander Harbord, and Mr. Walter Campbell.

Photographs by Langfier, Speaight, Hills and Saunders, and Keturah Collings.



FOR SALE

By WADHAM PEACOCK.



THE Diet of the Grand Duchy of Oldenburg has introduced an indirect tax on bachelors. This is quite in order. Most things are cured by diet now.

TO AN OYSTER.

(With confidence restored in the purity and wholesomeness of shellfish placed on the market, the public are eating more oysters than for many years past.)

Oyster! Inform me. Do you suffer—when
You view me make each
simple preparation,

The squeeze of lemon-juice, the red cayenne—
The slightest qualm of inward trepidation?
I merely ask, because there's a suggestion
That if you did I might have indigestion.

You have turned over a new leaf
of late,
And, though I would not have
you deem me selfish,
I must point out that there is
now a great
Revival in the public taste for
shellfish.
For years we thought you suffered
from pollution,
And grieved, for you're a national
institution.

If, therefore, with Lucullus-
like rapacity,
I make the most of the
expiring season,
Accept the compliment of
my voracity,
And know your luscious
flavour is its reason.
Art ready, mollusc? Come,
then, to the feast!
I' faith, a toothsome and
galopshus beast!



any interest in Parliament nowadays, but it is Mr. George Robey who is Prime Minister, isn't it?

Cooking in a paper bag is the latest thing in high-art cuisine. If this sort of thing catches on, the Carlton and the Savoy will be like Hampstead Heath after a Bank Holiday.

King Victor will be represented at the Coronation by his cousin the Duke of Aosta. This will force us to polish up our geographical ignorance. All that most of us know about the place is derived from the line of poetry which says that there was an old man of Aosta, who possessed a large cow, but he lost her.

Vesuvius blew its head off the other day in a moment of aberration, but no alarm need be felt. Troops are surrounding the mountain, and any further attempts will be severely repressed.

Ironing is being recommended to girls as a preventive of wrinkles and "salt-cellers" in the neck. It sounds horribly painful, but no doubt people will submit even to having their wrinkles ironed out in the cause of beauty.

And why should tripe have wrinkles? To remedy this injustice, a German has come forward with a process for smoothing out the partner of the onion and making her young and lovely for ever. Hitherto, Time has written too many wrinkles on her azure brow.

The Hon. John Collier has painted a picture for the Academy on the "oldest and simplest story in the world—that of Eve." Unless she is a fruitarian, Eve will not look at any apple nowadays that is not set with diamonds.

There is a good deal of unnecessary discussion about what the British Empire Trade-Mark is to be. Why worry? It is sure to be made in Germany; all we have to do is to wait and see.

THE MODERN BACCHANTE.

(What can a woman do when she feels the "rag-ging" spirit coming on her? One of them says that she goes out and has an orgy of tea-drinking.)

"When my heart is depressed and weary
And sickened with daily strife,
When I rage at the commonplace, dreary,

Conventional
rules of
life,
I long to kick
over the
traces

As high as a lady can,
And visit those rollicking places
Beloved of the raffish man.

"Then I go on the bust in each Cabin,
Each Slater's, and each J.P.,
With a 'pot of tea and a slab' in
The roystering A.B.C.
Till at last a sublime sensation
Of peace on my spirit falls—
I'm cured by the dissipation
Of feminine tea-shop crawls."



And, in this connection, a scientific person says that it is very difficult to tell the age of an oyster. If your sense of smell is defective, the taste of the oyster will always enable you to put the census man right within a year or two.

Kent has decided that winkles are wild animals. With this new danger in our streets, we shall have to arm the police with pins.

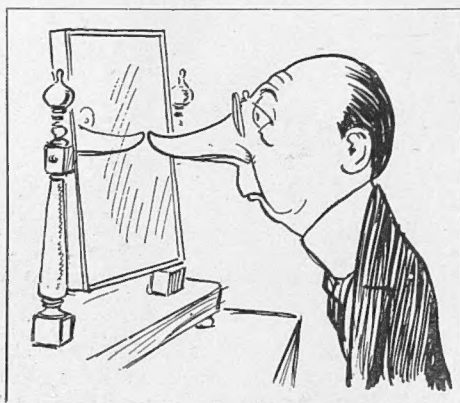
Where is that pituitary gland? We have only to work the thing properly to grow as tall as we like. One authority says that it is a small, reddish-grey mass, occupying the *sella turcica* of the sphenoid bone. That's plain enough; so now run away and grow.

And if you don't want to grow, you can have the shape of your nose altered. And if you don't want the shape of your nose altered, you can pass on to the next paragraph



Seats are now being booked by the Yankees in Texas for the thrilling battles in Mexico between the Government and the Insurgents. Two performances a day. The stage illuminated by electricity after dark.

"We have a prehistoric man in the Prime Minister," says Miss F. T. Swanwick. No one takes



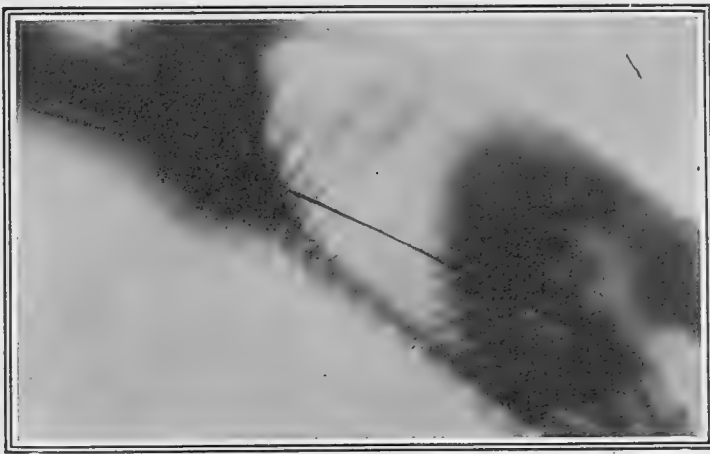


OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!

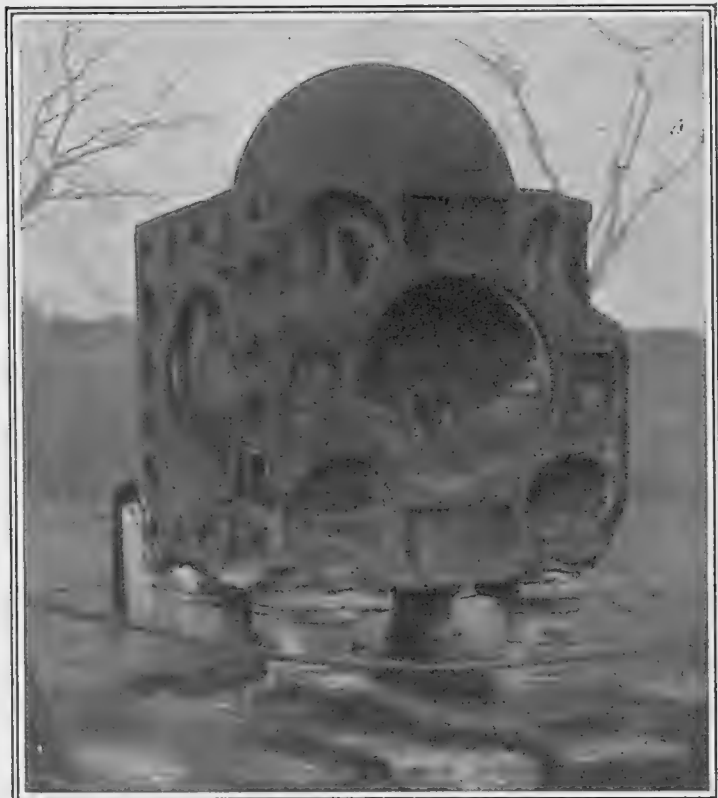


THE DOG WHICH SWALLOWED A TWELVE-INCH HAT-PIN AND HAS NOW HAD IT REMOVED FROM ITS BODY: CÆSAR, THE CONVALESCENT.

Cæsar, a fox-terrier, has just undergone a successful operation, at the Animals' Hospital, Pimlico, for the removal from his body of a twelve-inch hat-pin he swallowed. As the X-ray photograph shows, the point of the pin lay near the dog's gullet; its head at the end of the stomach.—[Photographs by C.N.]

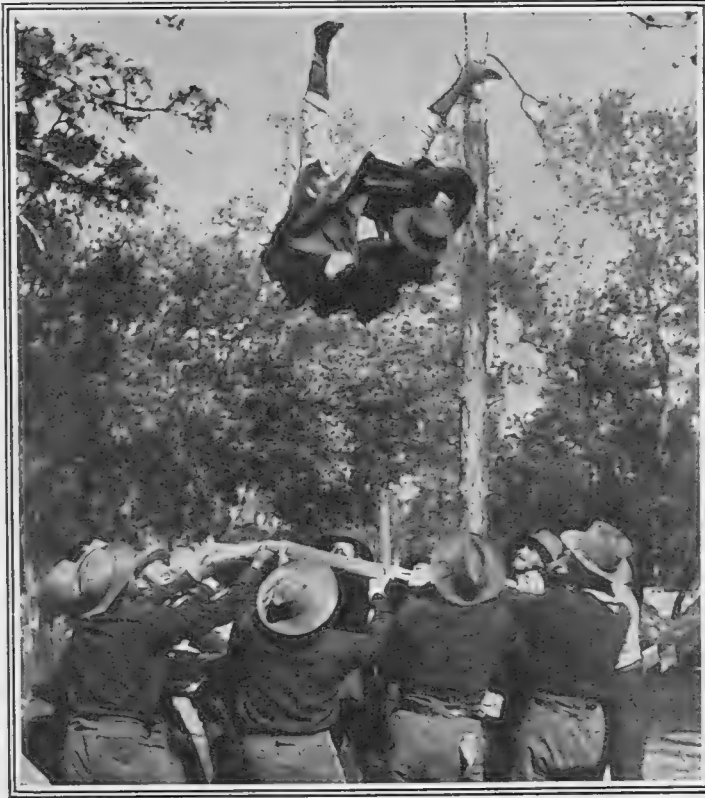


HOW THE TWELVE-INCH HAT-PIN WAS LOCATED IN THE FOX-TERRIER'S BODY: AN X-RAY PHOTOGRAPH OF THE PIN IN THE DOG'S THROAT.



A CURIOSITY OF MADELEY ABBEY: A REMARKABLE OLD SUNDIAL. The sundial is in the yard at the back of the Abbey. It stands on four small pedestals on a slight mound, and is of stone. The north side of it is plain; the east, south, and west sides are carved.

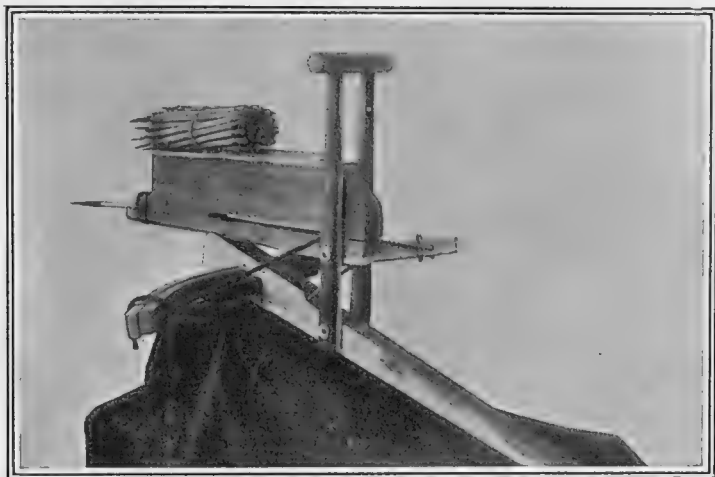
Photograph supplied by G. Whittaker.



NOT WORRIED BY THE MEXICAN "REVOLUTION": AMERICAN SOLDIERS "TOSSING" A COMRADE.

It is evident that those United States soldiers who have been ordered on duty in Texas during the progress of the Mexican "revolution" are taking their position lightly.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.



A PRIMITIVE CROSSBOW FOR SHOOTING POISONED ARROWS: A DEVICE USED IN THE INTERIOR OF THE PHILIPPINES.

The arrow-gun here photographed is used, says our correspondent, "by certain savage tribes in the interior of the Philippines. The machine will hurl bamboo arrows, whose tips are painted with poison, for several hundred yards. Many American soldiers have lost their lives from wounds received from these arrows, which are usually fired from ambush in tree-tops and branches." Such is the ingenuity of so-called savages.

Photograph by Fleet Agency.



A COURT-HOUSE MADE INTO TWO DWELLING-HOUSES: REMARKABLE "COTTAGES" AT MADELEY, IN SHROPSHIRE.

This photograph shows the old Court-house and Abbey at Madeley, the Abbey being in the background. The Court-house is now used as two dwelling-houses. The old gateway has been bricked up and an ordinary door fixed. Bed-rooms are in the towers. According to tradition, there is a secret passage from Madeley Abbey to Buildwas Abbey, some three miles away, through which Queen Elizabeth once made her escape.

Photograph supplied by G. Whittaker.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

By E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

"One of the Dukes." Mr. Cyril Maude seems to have been unlucky in dipping into the bag, for "One of the Dukes" is quite unsatisfactory. No doubt it caused some amusement, chiefly in a scene the humours of which were elementary; but there were plenty of dull moments, and the characters were uninteresting. I have a doubt whether Mr. Cyril Maude can run the "silly ass" hero kind of play much longer; and the comparatively novel kind of "silly ass" who is a cad and coward as well seems certain not to become popular—thank goodness. Mr. Allan Aynesworth acted very well as an amiable friend who behaved foolishly, and Miss Alexandra Carlisle played charmingly as an impossible American girl.

"Business." Presumably there was some reason why the author of "Business," the latest work produced by the Stage Society, concealed his name; if it was because he doubted the merit of the work, his modesty was excessive. For "Business" is an able, interesting modern drama, which, despite several drawbacks, some of them accidental, greatly interested the audience. There are three classes of playgoers and playwrights—that which believes in the mere entertainment theory; that which preaches "art for art's sake" and repudiates the theatre of ideas; and a third consisting of those who consider that the stage should, in part, concern itself with the problems of modern human life. Mr. "Goldie" seems to belong to the third, and he boldly attacks the evils of modern American business methods. This bald statement may seem to suggest that "Business" is dull and irrelevant. But it is not irrelevant, for there is a growing tendency to Americanise our business methods; and the play is far too clever to be dull: here and there, perhaps, the characters spoke about business with overmuch detail for the taste of ladies and idlers—this can easily be cured. On the other hand, we had vivid characters finely acted, and strong scenes leading to an agreeable, tranquil ending. For the first time, commerce has been put on our stage truly enough to give an impression of reality to those who know something of the subject, as well as to the simple ignorant. Moreover, Mr. Goldie has the real wit of the theatre, the power of writing phrases that are finely humorous because of their setting—phrases which caused a hearty laugh, but cannot be quoted—and he is also able to write imaginative passages of dialogue in which ideas are discussed pertinently to the scene.

The Acting. As generally happens in such cases, the performance was admirable. Miss Kate Rorke, as the business-woman who fights the "Rockefeller" of the play, showed a remarkable appreciation of a difficult part, and carried it out finely. Miss Evelyn Weedon presented the American wife—the luxurious, idolised wife who is not her husband's real companion—and her work was very clever. It would be difficult to overpraise the acting of Messrs. Claude King, F. Llewellyn, A. Tonge, and Trevor in important, interesting characters, and Mr. Vernon Steel presented a young "waster" quite skilfully.

An American Melodrama.

Crude, quite commonplace melodrama has been out of vogue for a long time in the West-End theatres, but apparently still holds its own in America, so the vampire piece, called "A Fool There Was," has been imported. Poor Kipling! let us hope he will never see the play supposed to have been inspired by his poem. This mixture of old-fashioned domestic drama, with comic child and butler, and of lurid, utterly unconvincing melodrama, told in the unnatural language of the stage, would make him "tired." The play shows

strongly one common fault of unskilful playwrights: it fails to present the really important scenes of the subject. We are asked to believe that a middle-aged successful diplomat, happily married and devoted to his child, is swept almost violently away to ruin by the fascinations of a woman of notoriously bad character. Now scenes showing the struggles of the kind of man chosen against the woman, and his downfall, would be intensely interesting if well written; but all this was shirked, and the author calmly slips from a first meeting, lasting a minute or two, to the stage of the play where the man is hopelessly enthralled and ruined. Consequently, the seduction of the Hon. John Tyler appears entirely incredible, and the play has no dramatic value. You might as well skip from the first scene between Petruchio and Katherine to her homily to wives. Miss Kaelred acted the vampire woman rather cleverly, Mr. Frank Cooper worked ably and energetically as Tyler, Mr. Bryant won hearty applause by powerful elocution, and Miss Halstan and Miss McIntosh played charmingly.

Mrs. Pat's Triumph.

Many people were delighted by Mr. Besier's new play—myself among them. To begin with, Mrs. Campbell's dainty burlesque of her serious performances was irresistibly amusing, and at the same time we had the pleasure of her strange beauty and her lovely voice. This alone would have been enough for me if the play had been merely mediocre; but "Lady Patricia" is a really clever light comedy, deliberately artificial in its duplication of scenes, that had an entertaining effect. And it possesses a number of diverting characters, admirably presented. Only a fine craftsman could have won so much laughter with the apparently simple part of the old gardener, finely acted by Mr. C. V. France. The "flapper"

is a perfect little sketch, cleverly rendered by Miss Athene Seyler; and Bill, the commonplace English youth, frightened, flattered, and delighted by his flirtation with Lady Patricia, was very droll. Of course, Mr. Charles Maude played the part well. The romantic, diplomatic old Dean suited Mr. Eric Lewis perfectly, and in the last act he was delightful. Moreover, Mr. Arthur Wontner, as the soulful husband of the intense Patricia, was pleasantly amusing. So the droll piece, full of nice little strokes of comic business and clever passages of dialogue, and played mostly in a charming original scene, set in the middle of an oak-tree—the setting would remind Parisians of an excursion *au Robinson*—deserves to be one of the triumphs of the season.



Maxine Raalte The Duke of Rye
(Miss Alexandra Carlisle) (Mr. Cyril Maude).

THE DUKE OF RYE FINDS TRUTH VERY NEARLY IN HER PROPER PLACE; HIS GRACE AND MAXINE RAALTE SUSPENDED NEAR THE BOTTOM OF A WELL.

In the last act of "One of the Dukes," at the Playhouse, the Duke of Rye and Maxine Raalte, to whom he is engaged, are let down the well in the orchard garden to endeavour to recover a lost engagement-ring. They are nearing the bottom when the hauling apparatus goes wrong, and they can neither be dropped to the bottom nor pulled to the top. They are in this position when Maxine breaks off her engagement to the Duke, and tells him the truth.

IS ONE OF THESE YOUR IDEAL OF A WOMAN'S FIGURE?



MISS CONSTANCE DREVER.



MISS LEILA GRIFFIN.



MISS ALICE WYATT.

PERFECT WOMAN: A TRIO OF IDEALS.

Once more the question, "What is the perfect figure for a woman?" is much under discussion. As Mr. Sandow points out in supplying us with these photographs, it is obvious that there cannot be a general standard of ideality. "Naturally, there are various types of ideal women, as, for example, the short and petite, the tall and full, the brunette and the blonde." Nevertheless, Mr. Sandow recently gave a set of measurements embodying his ideal of beauty. Round neck (top), 13 in.; round neck (near shoulders), 13½ in.; chest, 36 in.; waist, 23½ in.; across shoulders (back), 12 in.; neck to waist (front), 15½ in.; shoulder to elbow, 14 in.; elbow to wrist, 11 in.; outside arm, 25 in.; inside arm, 20 in.; wrist, 6½ in.; middle of neck (back) and middle of waist (front), 23 in.; length of back to waist, 15 in.; length of skirt (front) to floor, 44 in.; length of skirt (side) to floor, 45 in.; length of skirt (back) to floor, 45½ in. Our photographs show (on the left) Miss Constance Drever, who has made so remarkable a hit as Nadina in "The Chocolate Soldier," at the Lyric; (in the centre) Miss Leila Griffin; and (on the right) Miss Alice Wyatt.—[Photographs by Dover Street Studios, Foulsham and Banfield, and Charles and Russell.]

CROWNS CORONETS COURTIER



ENGAGED TO MR. F. W. S. MCLAREN, M.P.: MISS BARBARA JEKYLL.

Miss Jekyll is the daughter of Colonel Sir Herbert Jekyll, and a sister-in-law of Mr. Reginald McKenna. Sir Herbert Jekyll has been in charge of the London Traffic Branch of the Board of Trade for some three years.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

mother of several dancing sons and a daughter—it is the daughter who bears the name of Alexander!—gives her dance at the Ritz. Who can foretell to what uses the day that will steal upon the company towards the end of the programme will be put by the modern girl—a born jester in the subtler realms of humour? After twelve, Lady Saltoun must wash her hands of responsibility in the matter of “cut” dances and the like—after twelve it will be April 1. For the rest of that month there will be few dances given; but with the first days of May—Lady Durning Lawrence’s on the 2nd and Mrs. Edward Somers Cocks’s on the 3rd—the season will recommence.

Lord Alwyne’s Choice.

but, a true Tory, still lives in Balfour Place, Park Lane. His relatives, of whom there are several besides his brother, the Marquess of Northampton, need no longer write “M.P.” (which they may interpret as Mistaken Party) after his name; but they are still reminded of the family rebel when they seek his street. Time will decide Lord Alwyne’s wisdom in the choice of a career. The House at Westminster would still have him, but the House at Westminster takes too much of his time. Both the Stock Exchange and the Turf are quicker, or at least can be more conveniently jig-sawed one into another than can most combinations of sport and work, and more easily, therefore, supply the items that complete the puzzle of life.

KING GEORGE’S diligence in dining out is setting in train a host of possibilities—a possibility of many royal hosts. To contradict any rumours as to the narrowing of the circle of friends of the monarch during the present reign, there remains the fact that a young ruler should be, and will be, more liberal of his favours than one grown old and fixed in friendships. New acquaintances the late King made at every turn, and he kept in touch with the notable personalities of his realm without finding it necessary to share with them the amenities of very close intimacy—those of the table, for instance. But for King George the table—and especially his own—will be the board of education in each other for the King and his subjects.

First of April On Friday Dancers.

Lady Saltoun, a



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN THE HON. WALTER TREFUSIS: MISS MARJORIE GRAHAM.

Miss Graham is the daughter of Sir Henry John Lowndes Graham, Clerk of Parliaments, and granddaughter of the fourth Marquess of Northampton. The Hon. Walter Trefusis is a half-brother of Lord Clinton.

Photograph by Val d’Estrange.

Joys of Convalescence.

Many of us remember the paradise of a confectioner’s, with cakes and ice provided by sympathetic parents, after the purgatory of the dentist’s chair. Measles, too, has consolations, and the Prince of Wales and Prince Albert are not so old, nor so wanting in British boyishness, as to be altogether ungrateful for the

dispensations, not of the chemist, but of the disease. At Newquay they reaped the full joys of convalescence, with life-boats and other princely toys, and the whole incident, it is said, made for gaiety rather than for gruesomeness. That they did not stay at Ugbrooke, as was at first reported, did not prevent their having a good time. The rumour, of course, a little inconvenienced Lord Clifford, who wired denials to Paris and elsewhere, being much too modest a man to accept the attribution of royal guests at a time when, in fact, no royalty was under his roof.

Nice Notes.

The season is at an end at Nice and Mentone. But even while this announcement was everywhere made, hardly a vacant room was to be had in the hotels of either place. A little snap of cold perhaps induced

some visitors to linger, fearing to fare worse, from inclement weather, away from the Alpes Maritimes. The game of guessing at nationalities, always amusing to the hotel visitor surveying his fellows, grows increasingly difficult. Perhaps the German has been the most easily labelled of this season’s visitors to the French Riviera; his clothes and his complexion are still very much his own. The American man has ceased to be identified by his coat—it has been made in London. Indeed, English and Americans now dine indistinguishably together. Lord and Lady Craven and Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Martin have entertained many such composite parties. Paderewski at Monte Carlo could not be mistaken for anybody but himself; and in the same restaurant Mr. Duveen neighboured Lord Michelham at dinners so excellent that the languishing of a Rembrandt Fund was for the moment forgotten.

Japan in King Street.

The sale of the furniture and pictures of Mrs. Murray Guthrie drew rare crowds to Christie’s. The famous rooms in King Street provide London’s nearest approach, on such tense atmosphere of even occasions, to the more famous rooms at Monte Carlo. “Nobody knows”—that is the password when a mixed crowd of amateur and professional bidders

congregate round the tables, and wait for the tap of the auctioneer’s hammer, just as if its decisions were as mysterious as those of roulette. And this lady’s sale certainly had its great surprises and great bargains. But of all sales that do just now attract the fair speculator few equal those of Japanese prints. They are the vogue. Mr. S. Tuke’s splendid collection will take five days—from April 3—to sell at Sotheby’s. Such are the unexpected treasures divulged by a country house in Devonshire! Even collectors had half forgotten the existence of these fruits, of many colours, of his yachting cruises in Japanese waters many years ago.



ENGAGED TO MISS BARBARA JEKYLL: MR. F. W. S. MCLAREN, M.P.

Mr. McLaren, the youngest Liberal M.P., is the younger son of Sir Charles McLaren, Bt., who is so actively associated with steel, ship-building, and colliery undertakings.

Photograph by LaFayette.



ENGAGED TO MISS MARGERY SPENCER: MR. HAMAR GREENWOOD, M.P.

Mr. Greenwood was born at Whitby, Ontario, in 1870. For some time he was in the Department of Agriculture of Ontario. He is a barrister-at-law of Gray’s Inn.—[Photo. Walter Barnett.]



ENGAGED TO MR. HAMAR GREENWOOD, M.P.: MISS MARGERY SPENCER.

Miss Spencer is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Spencer, of Fownhope Court, Herefordshire, and of 12, Hans Mansions.

Photograph by Walter Barnett.

MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER AS A COURTESAN OF OLD GREECE:

THE FAMOUS ACTRESS IN "THAIS," AT THE CRITERION, NEW YORK.



1. MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER AS THAIS AND MR. ARTHUR FORREST AS NICIAS.
2. MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER AS THAIS.
3. MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER AS THAIS AND MR. TYRONE POWER AS DANIEL.

4. MR. ARTHUR FORREST AS NICIAS, MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER AS THAIS, AND MR. TYRONE POWER AS DANIEL—"TO THEE I WILL SING; FOR THEE I WILL DANCE."

Miss Constance Collier is appearing with great success, at the Criterion, New York, in Mr. Paul Winstach's drama, "Thais." She plays the part of the world-famous courtesan of old Greece with splendid effect. Briefly, "Thais" is the story of a courtesan who became a saint and a monk who became a man. Daniel believes that he has received a "call" to convert Thais, the courtesan. Going to her, he preaches, and is tempted. He does not fall, but when Thais is dying, confesses his love for her. His words disappoint her, and her reply makes "clear to him his error and his weakness" and saves him. As the heavens open to receive her, Daniel kneels in adoration, proclaiming: "Wonderful are the ways of the Lord, who hath sent me to convert Thais, that I might be saved from my sin by Thais the saint."

Photographs by White.

KEYNOTES

IT was right and proper that the Metropolis should make some great musical effort in connection with Coronation year, and already, in addition to concerts at the Albert Hall and elsewhere, two special Festival series are announced. There is to be a London Musical Festival—the first for nine years—at the Queen's

Hall. Between Monday evening, May 22, and the following Saturday morning, there will be six concerts—five under the general direction of Sir Henry J. Wood, and one under Dr. Richard Strauss, who will conduct a performance given largely to his own works, and including the closing scene from "Salome," for which Mme. Aïno Ackté has been engaged. Sir Edward Elgar, whose "Dream of Gerontius" will be given on the Monday with the assistance of the Norwich Festival Chorus, and whose Violin Concerto will be heard on Tuesday, with Kreisler as soloist, will conduct on the Wednesday the first performance of his Second Symphony. Bach's B Minor Mass will be heard on the Friday evening, with the Sheffield Chorus and Queen's Hall Orchestra; and his St. Matthew's Passion on the Saturday morning at midday, with the aid of the Leeds Choral Union, a choir of fifty boys from Sheffield, and the Festival Quartet from the same city. In addition to these attractions, there will be new orchestral works by Dr. Walford Davies, Professor Granville Bantock, and Mr. Percy Pitt, conducted in each case by the composer. This does not exhaust the list of attractions, and with London full to overflowing, the success of the Festival, which is organised by the directors of the Queen's Hall Orchestra, should not be for one moment in doubt. It seems strange that London cannot, or does not, support an annual Festival in normal times, for the conditions

under which such attractions as are offered for the forthcoming venture could not command sufficient support are hard to define.



WINNER OF MUCH SUCCESS IN SOUTH AMERICA: MISS EVANGELINE ANTHONY, THE YOUNG ENGLISH VIOLINIST.

Miss Anthony, who has been playing in South America with great success, is to return to Europe shortly to fill some engagements in Germany. In October, she will make her reappearance in London, at the Queen's Hall, before visiting Australia and New Zealand.

Photograph by Chandler

under which such attractions as are offered for the forthcoming venture could not command sufficient support are hard to define.

To-morrow (March 30) will see Dr. Richter's last appearance in London before he retires from active work. He will conduct the Pension Society's Concert, and when he takes the bâton in hand again it will be to direct a concert given in his own honour on April 10. Thereafter he will only be seen when he can be persuaded to turn, by way of relief, from the measure of inactivity that is associated with the intervals of memoir-writing. Already his brilliant connection with the London Symphony Orchestra has been severed, so far as the regular series is concerned, at the last concert, given on the 20th, the programme including the Overture to the "Meistersingers," Brâhms's Violin Concerto, and Beethoven's Eighth Symphony, work with which Richter's name will always be honourably associated, for he may be said to have taught London to delight in Wagner and to tolerate Brahms, while he ranks high among the interpreters of Beethoven. More than thirty years have passed since Dr. Richter made his first appearance in London as a conductor—in the old St. James's Hall—at a time when London music was at a very low ebb; and perhaps the best work in England was being done at the Crystal Palace, where the Saturday Afternoon Symphony Concerts attracted a Metropolitan audience. There was nothing else that called for mention nearer than Manchester, with

the exception of the concerts of the Philharmonic Society, and in those years they were hardly remarkable.

Even so early as 1879, Richter had put a large accomplishment to his credit. His friendship with Wagner was already thirteen years old. He had conducted opera at Munich and was holding the conductor's post at the Vienna Opera House; and he brought to London, and in later years to Manchester, not only an intimate acquaintance with the best music and a natural gift for securing its expression, but a practical knowledge of every instrument in the orchestra. There was no possibility he could not gauge, no limitation he could not foresee; and from the first day to the present hour the orchestras he has directed have felt a complete and unbounded confidence in him. As it is with players, so it is with singers: it is interesting to see him interpreting a most elaborate and complicated score, and yet finding the opportunity to give every singer his cue.

Richter is a great musician in the best sense of the term—he has shrunk from self-aggrandisement, he has never descended to the tricks to which smaller men are known to resort in order to tickle the groundlings; his readings, broad, deep, and finely considered, have the sole object of delivering the composer's message in the truest fashion. He avoids publicity and advertisement, holds strong opinions firmly and makes no concessions. His attitude to a younger generation has been criticised, but the greater part of the criticism has been at once illiberal and uninformed. His staunchest supporters and greatest admirers are found in the ranks of those who know most intimately the conditions under which music in this country goes forward or stands still. They are best qualified

to appreciate those fine shades of expression sought by so many, captured by so few, and never absent from Richter's purely orchestral work. His latter-day endeavour to secure good English renderings of the Wagner operas, though not entirely fortunate, was at least as successful as it could hope to be when we remember what penalty Wagner's libretti must pay to any translation, however skilled. In this work Richter showed himself a little in advance of the times. It may be said that the debt Wagner's posthumous fame owes to Hans Richter is past all payment. Now that he passes from the scene of his splendid activities, and goes into retirement to enjoy the well-earned fruits of labour, he will take with him the good wishes of all British musicians and music-lovers, and not their good wishes alone. One and all are conscious of a deep debt of gratitude, and if steps should be taken to give the widespread feeling adequate expression it is safe to say there would be a hearty response throughout England.



A SINGING DOG! BOB, WITH HIS MISTRESS, MISS ALICE PIERCE.

Miss Pierce, the young American who is making successful appearances at the London Pavillion, has in Bob a singing dog who accompanies her in more ways than one. His favourite position is on the top of the piano, from which he joins his mistress in song whenever he can. Miss Pierce, it will be noted, favours the jupe-culotte.

Photograph by Central News.

COMMON CHORD.

NELL BRINKLEY GIRLS: THE RAGE OF AMERICA.—IV.



GREED.—“AND ON THE BENCH, THAT HUGS ITS FOUR ARMS ROUND THE OLD TREE, THERE’S YOUR MERRY MISER, WHO IS UNWILLING TO SHARE HER WEALTH OF MAN WITH THE OTHERS.”



ENVY.—“YOU TURN IN YOUR BUBBLING TALK, AND YOUR HEART IS FASCINATED AND EATEN WITH A CHILDISH, NATURAL ENVY.”

WHATS UP—AT OXFORD

By THE EDITOR OF THE "ISIS."

TERM is over now, and most of us are inclined to heave a sigh of relief. This term is always the dullest of the year, and has to be lived through rather than boisterously enjoyed. For Hilary Term, however, it has been better than usual. The weather, in particular, has been extraordinarily kind: only a few really beastly days, and those mostly scattered about, here and there, so that we can forget them as soon as possible. That is the more to be welcomed since from January to March we usually endure all the varieties which the happy English climate can give to us. We change from fur-coats and hot-water bottles to the thinnest clothes which our wardrobe will provide, with

ought to make some joke about the great event taking place on the First of April. I am quite sure that all the best people will do so: it provides such an opportunity for that scintillating wit which is so peculiarly British. But I really can think of no joke on the subject at all, so I will refrain. Prophecy is an edged tool to play with, but the Oxford crew seems to be shaping very well indeed. The time at Henley has done them a lot of good, especially as they have had to encounter some pretty rough weather. Gladstone's luck is almost too bad to be credible outside fiction, and if one put it into a story people would complain of its improbability. May the elements be propitious for the great



OXFORD GOLFERS CHOSEN TO PLAY AGAINST CAMBRIDGE AT RYE: MESSRS. J. C. CRAIGIE (MAGDALEN), F. W. H. ROULSTON (QUEEN'S), J. F. MYLES (UNIVERSITY), J. F. MACDONELL (NEW COLLEGE), E. W. HOLDERNESS (CORPUS), SETON GORDON (EXETER), A. J. BOYD (TRINITY), H. R. WAKEFIELD (UNIVERSITY).

The names read from left to right. Mr. J. F. Myles is the captain.—[Photographs by Sport and General.]

remarkable rapidity; but this term we have had to play the quick-change artist less than usual. Whether Nature has been leading us on, and is going to blast all our hopes by deluging us in the summer term, is a moot point; but let us be thankful for what we have received so far.

Toggers were unusually interesting, and the Soccer match was excellent. Hockey and Lacrosse, it is true, we speak of somewhat under our breath in the presence of cousins at Cambridge; but the fellows must be allowed to win something—mustn't they?—or there would be no games left for us to play. And now we shall all be indulging in our own particular line of prophecy about the Boat-Race. I wonder why the Boat-Race is such a tremendous national event. The 'Varsity Rugger match leaves the great heart of the people comparatively cold; the Soccer match does not arouse even as much enthusiasm. The 'Varsity Sports only excite 'Varsity men and newspaper reporters, and the other inter-'Varsity events do not claim much more attention than a romantic love match among the Upper Ten, or a nice, neat little murder, with hardly any gore about it. But the Boat-Race is a different matter altogether. The soul of the errand-boy is thrilled by this battle of the Titans; the butcher trembles with vicarious excitement

and terrible day, and may the crowd not have their innards frozen unduly; and, of course, may the best crew win—and may that crew happen to be Oxford.

The Schools have been very busy just lately, and, watching them, one almost catches an idea of the French Revolution. These victims, arrayed in the sacrificial garb of white tie and dark suit, seem like the dainty exquisites of France marching to the guillotine. There is something of the same air of haughty disdain for Fate (in the shape of the Examiners) and of stern courage in face of tremendous odds. "Divers" have claimed their meed of victims once again, and Honour Mods. and Pass Mods. have also been filling the Schools with unwilling candidates; while those of us who have escaped for awhile the clutches of the University examiners have been enduring the agonies of College "collections." What a dreary business these examinations are, to be sure! I suppose they are a necessity, but it is a mighty unpleasant one. If only we could spend our three or four years up here, careless and fancy free, without the shadow of Schools for ever hovering over our devoted heads, how happy could we be!

And now we are breaking up and scattering to the four corners of the earth. For some of us this vacation will, unhappily, have-to



CAMBRIDGE GOLFERS CHOSEN TO PLAY AGAINST OXFORD AT RYE: MESSRS. F. M. M. CARLISLE (PEMBROKE), H. GARDINER-HILL (PEMBROKE), L. H. ALISON (PEMBROKE), A. C. P. MEDRINGTON (QUEEN'S), R. E. WALKER (MAGDALENE), H. E. W. PREST (PEMBROKE), J. F. IRELAND (TRINITY), ERIC HUNTER (TRINITY HALL).

The names read from left to right. Mr. J. F. Ireland is the captain.—[Photographs by Sport and General.]

as he cuts off a prime lamb chop; the milkman can hardly distinguish between milk and water in his ecstasy. Crabbed age and youth vie with each other in the size of their rosettes (which, of course, will be dark blue); all the shops lay in a stock of pins and badges of various shapes and sizes. One might almost think that it were some question of the vast magnitude of Standard bread that agitated the public mind; but no, it is only the 'Varsity Boat-Race. And when it is all over, everybody except ourselves forgets that there are any such places as Oxford and Cambridge—until next year reawakens their patriotic fervour. I suppose one

be a strenuous time, and we shall have to endeavour to make up, in six weeks, for the constitutional idleness of the last few years. 'Tis cruel, in the spring-time, when we should be sporting with Amaryllis in the shade (quite metaphorically and pastorally, of course), to have to weary our eyes and muddle our brains with "Stubbs' Charters" or the Law of Torts; but then, 'tis a weary world altogether. The lambs will be frolicking, the birds will be singing, the trees will be budding, the spring poet will be pestering you with contributions, and we—we ought to be devoting ourselves to the pursuit of learning. Shall we do so? I wonder.

G. ELLIOTT DODDS.

The Ills that Flesh is Heir To.

FOR SALE



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IV.—WHOOPING-COUGH.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

THE SITTINGS OF THE REV. MARCUS HARDING AND THE REV. HENRY CHICHESTER.*

THE Rev. Marcus Harding and the Rev. Henry Chichester were no ordinary clergymen. They had ambitions beyond mothers' meetings, worked slippers, and indelicately importunate maiden ladies. To the former, power was life; to the latter, life was cherubic sainthood. They were, one, the Vicar of St. Joseph's, the Mecca of the "Smart Set"; the other, the senior curate.



WINTER SPORT ON THE MOUNT OF OLIVES: SKI-RUNNING SEEN IN JERUSALEM FOR THE FIRST TIME.

When they first began to work together, Harding was an astonishing success, firmly walking the road to a bishopric; Chichester was a humble disciple at his feet. Then, a while later, a change came. The masterful man lost his hold upon himself, and, with it, that on his congregation. People looked at him in mild surprise, then in amazement. The certain substance became wavering shadow. They heard him preach, noted that his grasp of word and idea had weakened, saw him cringe in the pulpit in which he had towered, saying, "Bear with me a little," and began to fear that he drugged or drank or was in mental decay. And as the giant dwindled, the dwarf grew. The weak man gained strength, his grip was no longer moist and flabby, he commanded at evening service those who were wont to hang on the lips of his superior in the morning. The king died; the new king reigned. Evelyn Malling, "notorious because of his sustained interest in Psychological Research," was of the puzzled, and watched, not comprehending; Eventually, he was enlightened: both men confessed to him. It seemed that to each faith was not all-sufficient: they would cross the Threshold and peer on forbidden mysteries. Desire had been father to action.

Harding made the first move, urged by his stronger personality. "I saw," he told Malling, "that though Chichester was such a devoted worshipper of mine, if I wanted to persuade him to my secret purpose—no other than the effort, to be made with him, to communicate with the spirit world—I must be deceptive, I must mask my purpose with another. . . . I turned his attention to the subject of the human will. . . . He envied my strength of will. . . . I drew his mind to the close consideration of influence. . . . I told Chichester that I had gained my powerful will while at Oxford from my Hindu friend in a series of sittings that we two had secretly undertaken together. . . . I persuaded him to begin with me a series of secret sittings, in which I proposed to try to impart to him—to infuse into him, as it were—some of my undoubted power. . . . What I really wished to do, what I meant to do, if possible, was to use Chichester as a medium, and to try, through him, to communicate with the spirit world. . . . We sat together in his room at Hornton Street. . . . He declared almost from the first that, when sitting with me, he felt his will-power strengthened. . . . One night. . . . I found myself obliged to comply with his will instead of, as usual, imposing mine upon him. This was the beginning. . . . this was the

definite beginning of my horrible subjection to Henry Chichester." In a word, there was a change of souls. Let Chichester tell of it: "Slowly there came to me, or grew in me, an understanding of how I was alone. I was alone with Marcus Harding at that moment because I was Marcus Harding. A shutter seemed to slide back softly, and for the first time I, Marcus Harding, stared upon myself out of the body of another man—of Henry Chichester. I was alone with my soul-double. . . . It has been said that nothing shocks a man so terribly as the sight of his body-double; that to see what appears to be himself, even if only standing at a window or sitting before a fire, causes in a man a physical horror which seems to strike to the very roots of his physical being. I looked now upon my soul-double, piercing the fleshy envelope, and it was my very soul that sweated and turned cold. . . . I must look on truth. . . . I have to. The fascination of staring upon the truth of oneself is deadly, but it surpasses all other fascination.

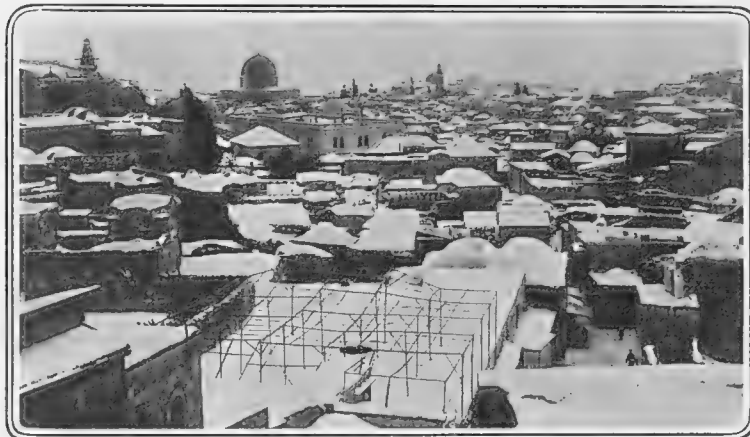


POSSIBLE IN JERUSALEM FOR THE FIRST TIME: TOBOGGANING AFTER THE RECENT HEAVY SNOWFALL.

He sins more often now. I watch him sin. . . . Henry Chichester would pity, but he is overborne. He is in me as a drop may be in the ocean."

That was the strangeness of it, and the revelation. Marcus Harding was being "eaten away." The Jekyll in a man was contemplating the Hyde in him to destruction—and dissolution. Death alone bought revolution. Harding broke down—"nervous prostration," said the doctors—and, not long after, he died; Malling went to see Chichester, curiously minded, apparently to offer condolences. The maid at the curate's lodgings spoke of him as being in a "way," and so changed as to be almost unrecognisable. "Have you been here long?" said Malling abruptly. "Only six months Sir." . . . "And so Mr. Chichester is quite altered by his grief?" "You never did, Sir! He was so firm, wasn't he, above everyone? . . . And now he's as gentle and weak almost as a new-born child, as they say." So it was. Malling went into Chichester's sitting-room. It "seemed full of pious orthodoxy. . . . The folding-doors opened inward, and the curate appeared. . . . Coming forward feebly, he held out his hand. . . . The curate's grief was almost as genuine and un-self-conscious as a child's. . . . And Malling remembered the Henry Chichester he had known some years ago, before the days of St. Joseph's—the saintly but rather weak man, beloved by everyone, but ruling no one."

So ended the strange history of the sittings of those who dwelt on the Threshold—timorous, then rash; hesitating, then bold; fearful, then all-fearing.



THE HOLY CITY UNDER SNOW: JERUSALEM FROM THE NORTH-WEST. During the early days of March, Jerusalem was visited by a severe snowstorm, the worst recorded for half-a-century. Snow is very seldom seen in the Holy City, but for nearly a week it fell, covering the streets to a depth of several feet. The roads in the vicinity became quite impassable and the railway traffic between Jaffa and Jerusalem had to be suspended. On the slopes of the Mount of Olives skiing and sleighing took place. Thirty days' rain followed the snow.—[Photographs by the American Colony, Jerusalem.]

* "The Dweller on the Threshold." By Robert Hichens. (Methuen. 6s.)

POULET D'ACIER !

FOR SALE



SHE: The poulterer assured me it was a spring chicken.
HE: Then all I can say is it must be a steel spring.

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.



By C. A. SKINNER, THE CAMBRIDGE COX.

A MELLOW sage tenders to us the ripe fruits of his philosophy of life, couched in colloquial terms: "The looker-on sees most of the game." There are perhaps a million spectators lining the amphitheatre of the tideway, and therefore a million points of view; yet a description of the great race from their standpoint is summed up in a flash of sixteen blue blades into sight, a moment's view of eager, straining faces, and bare water again, all to the tune of a dull, continuous roar from the multitude.

There are, however, two whose essential duty and trust consist in "looking on," not in the easy, entertained fashion of the crowd, but in the tense strain of overwhelming responsibility, and these two are the respective coxswains, as one of whom I write. Impressions are essentially personal, and I can therefore make no apology for the frequent recurrence throughout of a personal pronoun.

The boat-race is the culmination of a long and vigorous course of activity and training. I would therefore briefly preface this account with a résumé of the phases of training which precede the final advent at Putney. By no means the lightest task of the President is the sifting of the numerous aspirants during the Michaelmas term. Promising oarsmen are chosen by the captain of each college boat-club and nominated to the President of the C.U.B.C. There may be over a hundred oarsmen and a dozen coxswains awaiting, with mingled anticipation and trepidation, the ordeal of an excursion in the 'Varsity Trials. The elimination is a difficult but speedy process, and in a few weeks many a misty hope of a coveted Blue is dispelled, until the numbers conform to the requisite sixteen oarsmen and two coxswains. The three-mile Adelaide course at Ely tests their racing powers when the two boats, manned by the eighteen candidates, row abreast in a most searching contest, under the criticism of many authorities, past and present.

January witnesses the final choice of the most suitable men to take their seats, with Blues still in residence, in the embryonic 'Varsity boat. Daily, with dignity resplendent, it glides gracefully, amid some rolling, down the peaceful waters of the Cam, receiving with decorous nonchalance the tribute of lesser craft. Its track is marked by "eights" in all stages of demoralisation, tucked up under the lee of the shore, oars close-hauled, lest they commit the sacrilege of hindering, even by a ripple, the stately course of the elect. February, for the most part, finds the crew at Ely, practising on the broader reaches of the Ouse, and enjoying the solitary counsels of an enthusiastic coach from the saddle of a high-spirited steed. During this period are conferred the coveted honours of the Blue, although some weeks previous to this the crew had entered upon its stringent course of training.

Meanwhile the coxswain is learning to endure all weathers with the unflinching fortitude of a stoic. He acquires the art of steering safely through impenetrable fog; his eyes are hardened to sleet and rain; he enters into conflict with raging and hostile winds, armed only with a developing pair of lungs; but he learns to win. He begins to steer by coaxing, and not by pulling, and realises that the slightest use of the rudder is inclined to roll the boat outwards, and that a severe call upon it is calculated to capsize the ship completely. To be successful, a man is best born a coxswain in some particulars. It will be in no wise detrimental to him should he share in some measure the superstition of the seadogs of old—and we still meet them on sailing-ships—who endowed their vessels with souls. There is this much of common-sense underlying these supernatural confessions—that never do two craft steer alike. A coxswain must understand his ship through and through, whether or not he imagine a soul within her, and he must learn to steer by "tendencies." I can give the idea no other name. Sometimes a light ship will begin to swing, quite unaccountably, in the way one wants it to go, although one is quite confident that the rudder is not responsible. True coxing consists in encouraging that tendency by a slight muscular contraction of one hand upon the cord—a gentle, coaxing touch, scarcely more than a hypnotic suggestion, and quietly the ship responds without a roll or touch of revolt. Frequently I have described considerable arcs, even quadrants, and apparently, to the bystander, the rudder has not moved. Rolling is a terrible hindrance to an efficient crew, and half the unsteadiness, or all, may be due to thoughtless steering.

To return from what is, perhaps, a digression, let us glance briefly at the concluding stages of preparation. The first or second week in March (according to the date of the race) is spent at some up-river resort, such as Bourne End or Richmond, constant change of scene being essential to the prevention of staleness. Finally, about eighteen days before the race, the two

'Varsity crews converge at Putney, and the sporting interest of England focusses upon the historic tideway course.

Here the coxswain learns a universal lesson, and his eyes open reluctantly to the fact that he knows next to nothing of steering. He sees experienced helmsmen of riverside clubs steering eights with apparent certainty over a turbulent waste of tidal waters, and his heart sinks with dismay when he tries to imitate their prowess. He longs for the clearly marked Henley course, or thinks of the child's-play on Cam and Ouse which he once dignified with the title of "coxing." There are difficulties on the Putney-to-Mortlake course sufficient to baffle the cleverest of tyros, and only years of experience can give one the mastery of its subtle moods and vagaries. I feel incompetent to describe them adequately, and can only speak with the slight authority of the veriest amateur.

In the first place, there is the all-important question of the tide to consider. The coxswain who thoroughly understands the tide and its channels is worth lengths to his crew in the race, and to this end he studies with mathematical precision the bed of the Thames at the time of ebb, tracing laboriously in a small dinghy, oftentimes in the half-light of dawn, the tortuous windings of the channel. So gratuitous and unreasonable do the bends and twists appear in the shallowness, that when the tide flows in again it is not the easiest thing imaginable to picture mentally the bed of the rushing waters. A fruitful source of instruction lies in studious attention to the course of tugs and barges, for, with a lifetime of experience behind them, their helmsmen seldom miss even a fraction of tidal assistance.

So important is a knowledge of the course that the services of experts are secured to be in constant attendance upon the coxswains. Bill East, the King's bargemaster and an ex-champion of England, has sculled the tideway until every inch of it is familiar; every current, elusive as it may be, mentally noted; every sand-bank, with its treacherous influence, as well known as though it flaunted its yellow mud above the river's surface. A launch is at the coxswain's disposal, and, with his monitor beside him, he steers it as he would the eight under similar conditions of wind and tide. There is only one constant in the coxing equation, and that is the channel. The ultimate choice of course depends on deliberate consideration of the continual variants—wind, tide, and the state of the surface. Wind, from one side or the other, makes a compromise advisable, but exactly how far to sacrifice the tide's assistance in gaining shelter under the windward shore is a question which must be decided in each particular case by a process of mental algebra.

The whole point is this, that a coxswain can never be told or shown what course he is to take in the race. He can only have demonstrated to him where to steer under the weather conditions of the moment. It might be confidently asserted that never for two days in a month would the course be identical. Again, a fuller tide than usual will sweep further from corners such as Fulham, and the coxswain must in his turn take a wider sweep. Also there are times when the water is so rough, as wind meets tide, that a middle passage is impracticable, and the eight must put the question of safety above all considerations of tide and wind by hugging the shore as closely as possible. Even last year, when the elements were more kindly disposed than usual, oilskins and sou'wester were frequently a necessity, either in steering the eight or in taking the launch over a stormy middle passage.

The actual course commences about a hundred yards above Putney Bridge, and probably on the flow the river would be about two hundred yards wide at this point. From the start, given no wind to consider, and with an average tide, the course would lie almost straight down the centre for half a mile, and then there begins the long Fulham corner. If I may be permitted a personal confession, this is to me the most difficult part of the course to steer aright. It is so easy to neglect the steady convex bulge of the Middlesex shore, which throws the tide off from itself; and I am frequently in danger of losing ground there. Approaching the Fulham corner (by the football ground) one has to think carefully. There seems to be a considerable cross-current drawing the boat sideways at this point, and I have yet to learn how successfully to avoid it. Once caught hugging that corner within seventy yards, one has lost the best of the tide, and falls still more behind in crossing athwart the stream to regain the right position.

For some distance hereafter shallows and sandbanks intervene from the Middlesex side even to the middle of the river, and the course veers over to within fifty yards of the Surrey shore by Harrod's Warehouses. This distance from the shore is preserved until

[Continued overleaf.]

MISLAID.

FOR SALE.



THE ANXIOUS MOTHER (after searching fruitlessly over the stony ground): My dear, did you happen to notice where I laid that egg?

DRAWN BY NOEL POCKOCK.

Hammersmith Bridge looms up, when the eight straightens up to "shoot" as close to the pile as possible. In the shelter of this enormous structure a large tract of water lies slackly immune from the tide, and it is necessary to steer steadily into mid-stream; and resist the tendency and temptation to cut the Chiswick corner close and "save time." If the stroke-side oars but touch this invisible but deadly eddy, the bow oars in the full tide will sweep the boat round into the Surrey shore. Hence, right round Chiswick Steps, the course lies slightly the Surrey side of mid-stream, gradually closing in until from the end of the corner, in sight of Barnes Bridge, one dives straight for the right of the bridge, thus crossing the river and arriving on the Middlesex side by the Devonshire Meadows. The next move is to shoot Barnes Bridge successfully without crossing the tide, and this is no easy matter. Subsequently, the course runs round with the Middlesex shore at about forty yards' distance, until the winning-post is reached. In rough weather it would, of course, be unsafe to risk a crossing by the Devonshire Meadows, and a cautious coxswain would remain close under the lee of the Surrey side up to the finish.

The coxswain is, of course, called upon at the moment to decide whether he will venture to cross a quarter-mile of stormy water. Such problems are at once the dread and the glory of a coxswain's life, and with their successful solution stands his reputation. Self-reliance and resource are two characteristics which every coxswain *must* have, be his other virtues what they may. Hesitancy is fatal, and in crises he must look for no advice. He must dare tremendous risks on a moment's inspiration, but he must never fail. There is abundant romance and excitement in a coxswain's career, for, after all, he is commander, to make or mar the race. He must be awake every moment to note his rival's tactics, must continue to supply stroke with a running comment on the flashing events of every second, quick to advise a spurt at a crucial moment, cheering a man here and another there, inspiring effort to the utmost.

A consummation devoutly to be striven after is the theft of one's opponent's water, when he has the favoured station, by running in front of him and throwing down upon him the wash of one's wake until the unevenness of the water upsets his balance. With how little margin of daylight between the two boats such a course is possible it rests with the coxswain to decide, for a foul will involve the disqualification of the intruder. The most daring invasion of an enemy's water which ever fell to my lot to witness was at Henley in July 1910, when Donkin steered the Magdalen boat with consummate and audacious generalship under the nose of Leander, and usurped their sheltered station, thus virtually winning the Grand Challenge.

Meantime the crew are schooling themselves into fitness by suitable diet and a sufficiency of rowing. A typical day might be described briefly as follows: Regularly at seven a.m. the men are roused, and Carlton House is speedily aware of the fact. Incessant din emanates from the region of the bath-rooms, where titanic struggles are taking place, and the sound of prodigious splashing bodes ill for the condition of the floor. Donning the familiar "blues and blankets," the crew then takes its morning constitutional and returns with a delightful sense of physical fitness and suppressed energy. A brief glance at the papers, sometimes with mingled feelings, in view of relevant criticisms, and the day's work begins with an outing on the tideway. A light lunch is followed by a second excursion, consisting of paddling and rowing, the eight being coached from a launch. A light afternoon tea must suffice for the thirsty oarsmen, and billiards fills the time admirably until the clock bids us change into the attractive light-blue evening-dress peculiar to Cambridge crews. Billiards and music fill the evening until ten o'clock. Ten o'clock witnesses the exodus, "bedward," of eight tired men, and coach and coxswain are left in peace by the fire.

March 23 opened our eyes to a damp, misty morning that seemed, in its eerie vagueness of outline, to symbolise the mysterious veil that hid the day's fate. I was up betimes, vainly attempting to stifle the sense of the great issues pending, anticipating eagerly, yet almost dreading, the ordeal of responsibility. Slipping down to the river, I was joined by Bill East, and, boarding the launch, we steamed up river on the rapidly rising tide.

Slowly the sun dispersed the mist, and a light breeze springing up from Middlesex scattered the last hazy remnants. The surface of the Thames shone serene and calm as a pond, but as we returned the wind was beginning to ruffle the placid surface, and we knew instinctively that, contrary to usage, Middlesex would have the slight advantage in the race.

Shortly before noon everyone stood in the Leander boathouse, assuming a somewhat unconvincing appearance of ease and nonchalance, but beneath the surface nerves were on edge and hearts at extra pressure. The river was lined thick with spectators, colours intermingling in a blurred panorama, but everything was strangely silent. At twelve we learned that Cambridge, winning the toss, had chosen Middlesex. The breeze was freshening.

At 12.5 we slipped down to the water and launched the light ship. Oars and rudder had been tested by a short outing an hour before. As challengers, we were first afloat, relieved by activity from the torturing suspense of idle waiting. At an easy paddle, we rowed down to Putney Bridge, turned under its lee, and were

swiftly borne by the tide to our stake-boat. Here we "held" her, and swiftly swung the rudder inwards, where it was dexterously caught by a boatman, and in a moment we swung into the full rush of the tide.

At 12.10 Oxford followed us, and was speedily moored from its stake-boat. The two crews lay alongside, with six feet separating the rival blades. The quiet stillness of the multitude was oppressive, unnatural. Deliberately the men stripped off superfluous clothing and passed it from bow to stern, and I handed it into the stake-boat. Our boats' noses were drifting together, and with a swift word to the men in the bows my rival and I swung them apart.

The starter was telling us to get ready. I glanced at the Oxford cox. This was his fourth race, and his face was grim, impassive. The crowd was blurred, and a deathly stillness heralded the words of the umpire—"Are you ready? Go!"

A deafening roar broke the silence as both boats shot forward like hounds from the leash, and, wavering into echoes, it rent and filled the air. I saw the Oxford blades dropping behind us. Good heavens! we were leaving them. On the tenth stroke we were nearly ten feet ahead and increasing the lead, and then—cruelest of luck!—an oar's blade, caught in the swirling tide, was deep buried, and, acting on the decision of a moment, I ordered the boat to be stopped—"held up" in the middle of the race! With instant obedience eight blades were buried, the way stopped. I saw Oxford flit by like an arrow from a string. But we were off again with a net loss of sixty feet. Nothing daunted by the catastrophe, every man worked like a Trojan, and the recovery was magnificent.

My hopes were rising. Oxford was again coming back to us as we reached Fulham Corner. Here I took a desperate venture, and dashed madly across the edge of the flats, losing tide, but escaping wind and gaining distance. Oxford was well in the bay on the Surrey side. Again we converged, close to Harrod's, and now Cambridge led once more by a fore-canvas. My excitement was threatening my coolness. We gave ten strokes with vigour, but our gain was to be measured in inches. I was now as nearly in Surrey water as I dared get, to escape the outer bend. With another length in hand I would have seized their water. We shot Hammersmith abreast, and inches divided our blades as Oxford dived out into its rightful water and I gave way of necessity.

I knew now that, barring another accident—on Oxford's part, this time—we could scarcely hope to win. What a deafening hubbub drummed into my ears! Only the three nearest men could hear me above it. My voice would soon be in rags. Barges of people loomed up on either side indistinctly, but all my attention was focussed on the dark coat of my antagonist; it was slipping away from me, for Bourne's electric spurt was drawing Oxford beyond our grasp. The men's faces were drawn, tense, rigid. No expression flitted over them; they were conscious, but they rowed mechanically, yet splendidly. All their training showed in every stroke, and physical fitness alone could have survived the strain. Only a slight "scissoring" as the heads swung outwards betrayed the exhaustion which was beginning to tell.

And at this point ensued the finest part of the race, in my opinion. Oxford was making the most of the Chiswick corner, and Bourne's steady stroking was burning its message of defeat into my brain, but still they were not gaining. Cambridge, labouring along in the wash of their wake, and on the outside of the corner, was holding doggedly to their stern. It was a marvel of sublime pluck and endurance, for rowing-men well know the heartbreak of a stern chase. Oxford was now beginning to gain as it shot across to the Devonshire Meadows. The din still reverberated loudly from either bank. I cheered the men all I knew, and amid the excitement I was moved to the very depths by admiration.

Gradually Oxford was pulling away, conscious of victory, weight telling, as it must tell, on the fourth mile. Two clear lengths lay between, but Cambridge even in desperation did not despair. I could see Oxford harassed by the strain. I spoke to stroke and called for a spurt, and it was obeyed superbly. We gained perhaps a quarter of a length. Barnes Bridge rushed to meet us; we shot it in single file, Oxford having naturally taken our favouring position on the corner, so we slogged on, men gasping and straining, but unbeaten. Form was going by the board, and time and rhythm to pieces, but they toiled on. Oxford rowed splendidly, three lengths ahead; perhaps they might have increased the lead, but in courtesy refrained, and yet I felt they were nearly as done as ourselves.

I was beginning vaguely to wonder if ever the winning-post would loom up, when I saw the Oxford men drop their oars and collapse. There was a deafening roar: the favourites had won, and we knew it. We rowed to the winning-post, and the men dropped. Everyone knows something of the agony of defeat. I never knew it as fully as I did then. Strong men were sobbing for breath, or lying half-conscious in the bottom of the boat. I remember dipping my hands in the water for coolness in the feverish excitement. Was this the outcome of the rigour of training, of twenty minutes' superhuman strain and anguish?

"Defeat! We're beaten!" such was the message which the continued cheering seemed to drum into our ears. In a few moments we were sincerely congratulating the victors. An Oxford Blue drew me aside, and said of Cambridge, "That was the most heroic fight I've ever seen."



By HENRY LEACH.

Style of the Prince of Wales.

The Princes of our royal house, although they have dallied with golf, have not in the past played the game as well as it could possibly be played, or anything at all like that, despite the praises that have been awarded to their performances. There is substantial evidence that the young Prince of Wales, who, with his brother, has been having some fine games on the breezy course of Newquay, in Cornwall, lately, is doing better with it than any other of his royal predecessors did. In this he is only once more proving the truth of the old maxim that golfers, to be made good and natural as golfers, must be caught young and taught the swing almost as soon as they have the strength in their arms to lift a club. It may be news to most people that his Royal Highness, although so young and not photographed when playing the game until a few days ago, is already a golfer of long experience; for I remember very well being told, some four or five years ago or more, that he and Prince Albert were being most carefully instructed in the game, and that, from the beginning, he showed some very considerable aptitude with his tee shots. You can see quite plainly now that he is no beginner; but that he has had plenty of practice, and has come by a settled system of his own. He has a style, and the mannerisms are repeated in the different photographs that have been taken of his play. Generally it is a good style. He finishes well, if not very fully, with a good left leg; but he will need to guard in the future against any more exaggeration of the falling back of the body at the finish of the swing, the body so straight and stiff too. Many good players, including some professionals, finish in this way; but it does not conduce to power or control, and there are certainly better ways.

Prince Albert's Handicap.

However, the chief blessing from the point of view of the game, as it were, is that the young Princes play so well as they do. Last summer I was talking to a first-class judge of golf who had had the distinction of playing with them, and he assured me that at the time

a sense so necessary, even to the busiest and most distinguished persons in these days, that we may be safe in assuming that the Princes will sustain and nourish their enthusiasm for it. They will not lack opportunities. There is a course at Windsor in the laying out of which King Edward himself took a personal and particular interest. It is not a very remarkable course, nor a difficult one, but perhaps the best is made of a piece of park-land of extreme flatness. I believe that the late King designed the crescent-shaped bunkers that are cut in it.

The Course at Sandringham.

At Sandringham it is very different. They have a course there about which little has been heard by those who have not played on it; but in some respects it is the most remarkable course in the country,

and it has certainly every right to be described as sporting. The deer browse on it, and there are seasons when they are inclined to be rather cantankerous in their attitude towards the players—as, for instance, when they are soothing themselves by rubbing their skins against the flag-sticks, and the players are desirous of approaching to the hole. Then I am told that they have a most peculiar but exceedingly useful local custom on the course. There are some thickets on it from which it would be most unlikely that a ball would ever be recovered by purely human means

if it were once driven into them. So before the players go out to play they are given a sponge soaked in eau-de-Cologne, and with this the ball is rubbed at the beginning of the play to each hole. Then a dog is told off to attend to the match, and when a ball is shot off into one of the thickets the dog darts after it, and with the aid of the scent and his own good nose, recovers it in time for further play to the same hole. King George used to be very fond of the game at one time, and a great tale is told of how on one occasion, when indulging in practice many years ago, he shared an alfresco lunch with his caddie. King Edward, like his grandsons, was first blooded to the game as a schoolboy, for when he was at the High School



ON THE LINKS CHOSEN TO BE THE SCENE OF THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE GOLF MATCH: THE RYE GOLF CLUB CLUB HOUSE, AND THE LAST GREEN.



IN THE BUNKER TO THE EIGHTH GREEN.



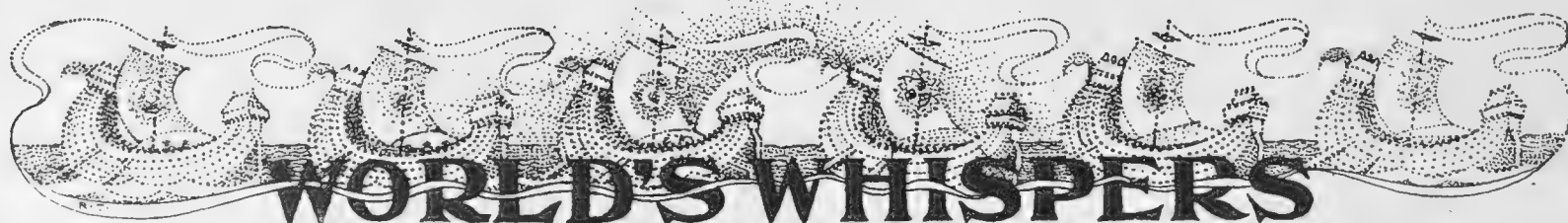
THE BUNKER BETWEEN THE SIXTEENTH AND SEVENTEENTH GREENS.

BUNKERS THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE GOLFERS ARE FACING: FORMIDABLE OBSTACLES ON THE RYE LINKS.

The Rye Golf Club course, chosen to be the scene of the Oxford versus Cambridge match, is one of the best in Europe. "A good many tee shots," says "Nisbet's Golf Year-Book," "are extremely difficult, and not a few seconds must be really well played if one expects to have a putt for a three. The greens are mostly keen, and more or less undulating. Although a bit shorter than some championship courses, the accuracy required in placing one's drives so as to land near the hole in the second shot is such that really low scores are almost an impossibility." It was arranged that the Oxford and Cambridge match should begin on the 28th.—[Photographs by Sport and General.]

he enjoyed those games—which was two or three years ago—Prince Albert was quite good enough to be placed on the 12-handicap mark in a man's club, although he was then an extremely small boy. My informant said that his style was both graceful and good. Tom King, the excellent professional down at Brancaster, the course of the Royal West Norfolk Club, which is the best within easy motoring distance of Sandringham, has seen something of the Prince's golf, and he has been much impressed by it. The game is so general, and in

at Edinburgh, Sir James Gairdner Baird took him out for a day's golf at Musselburgh, and the old caddie who was told off to carry his clubs had to be severely reprimanded by Sir James for addressing the Heir to the Throne in most disrespectful terms because he would scrape the ball into the hole instead of fairly striking it. "His Royal Highness maun learn the game properly, because a stroke like that would lose him the hole in a mautch," was the poor fellow's explanation.



IT is delightful to hear that Sir George Frampton has finished his statue to Peter Pan, which the immortal myth is to have erected to his honour in Kensington Gardens. Sir George was the man for the work, for he is a fellow who won't grow up. He is always a boy at heart, with all a boy's generous faith and optimism. His reputation is as high in France as in England, but they little know how badly they once treated him. In his poverty-stricken youth he went to Paris as a mere stonecutter, landing with only ten shillings in his pocket and a sort of "begging letter" for work, as he calls it. He took this letter up the scaffolding of the Hôtel de Ville to the foreman of the works,



TO BE ONE OF THE BEARERS OF QUEEN MARY'S TRAIN AT THE CORONATION: LADY MABEL OGILVY, DAUGHTER OF THE LATE EARL OF AIRLIE.

Six Earls' daughters will carry her Majesty's train.



AN EARL'S DAUGHTER AS HOSPITAL NURSE: LADY SYBIL GRIMSTON.

Lady Sybil Grimston is the youngest but one of the Earl of Verulam's six daughters. She was born in 1887. Her elder sisters are married to Mr. Felix Cassel, K.C., Lieutenant Bernard Buxton, R.N., Mr. Geoffrey Arthur Barnett, and Mr. Hesketh Vernon Hesketh-Prichard. As "Nurse Grimston" she has begun her training at the London Hospital's Nurses' Training Home, at Bow.—[Photograph by Speaight.]

to work on the heroic scale, deal also take gold, silver, ivory, and precious stones as their media. And that is why his friends say that the spirit of some master of the Renaissance lives again in him.

The Complete Motorist. At the examination held to-day by the Royal Automobile Club there will be many questions asked on lubrication. But even the highest authorities on the subject may overlook one detail. A motorist, particular about preliminaries, asked his chauffeur if everything was ready for a long run. "Have you oiled thoroughly?" he anxiously inquired. "Yes, Sir." "Are you sure, Milton?" he insisted. "Yes, Sir, I have filled the spring-cups and the engine-reservoir, and I have greased the cornet-à-piston, the pluribus unum, the exhaust-pipe, the muffled tread, the what-do-you-call-it, the thingamebob, the rigamajig, and both the hot boxes." "Ah, is that all, Milton?" Take the can and squirt a little oil on the license-number, so that it will catch the dust. Always remember to lubricate the license-number, Milton." And so it was.

and gained employment. And there he chiselled as blithely as the rest, until one day the foreman asked him, "Are you *Allemand*?" Mistaking, he answered, "Yes," and was instantly bundled off the scaffold; and found, upon arriving at his room, that he had been burgled and left destitute. It was a literally starving young toiler that a friendly remittance recalled to England. Sir George is one of the few men who, given in the art of the jeweller, and

to study his art in France, Italy, Spain, Egypt, and Turkey. Welsh in national affections, he is cosmopolitan in his art, and France crowned his efforts with her gold medal at the Salon, and made him a corresponding member of the Institute—a dual distinction never previously gained by a Briton. Cape Town is governed by his titanic statue of King Edward, and memorials of his art, rich and rare, bedeck our cathedrals and public places. The prettiest compliment to his work he has yet

A Happy Exception. Mr. Goscombe John, R.A., who is to design the mantle, ring, staff, and chaplet for the investiture of the Prince of Wales, may be safely trusted to follow historical precedent. No man better knows or loves Welsh history, to the artistic side of which, these latter days, he has contributed no inconsiderable share. He is one of the happy exceptions, in that he is a prophet that hath honour in his own country. When his genius began to bud, his countrymen sent him on a six months' tour through Greece. With a horizon thus enlarged, he won, with flying colours, the Royal Academy's gold medal and travelling scholarship, and put the latter to such good use that he was able



ONLY DAUGHTER OF THE EARL OF CLANCARTY: LADY BERYL LE POER TRENCH.

Lady Beryl le Poer Trench, who was born in 1893, is a débutante of the year. She has three brothers. Lord Clancarty was married for the second time, in 1908, to Miss Mary Gwatkin Ellis, daughter of the late Mr. W. F. Rosslewin Ellis, barrister-at-law. His first wife, who died in 1906, was Miss Isabel Maude Penrice, daughter of Mr. John George Bilton, of Charlton, Kent.

Photograph by Swaine.

to hear. A little girl stood before his recumbent figure of Dean Vaughan in Llandaff Cathedral. "How well he sleeps!" was the child's simple comment.



CARRIED TO HER MOTOR-CAR: PRINCESS HENRY OF PLESS LEAVING THE MENTONE TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

The Princess has not yet altogether recovered from her recent illness.

Photograph by Topical.

Mark's Remark. The chair for the Women Writers' dinner has been assigned its lady, after some discussion. The committee had sought the "not impossible she" who, as well as filling books with notable writing, could fill the chair with a notable presence. Miss May Sinclair, the lady named, is a choice much approved; but she herself is inclined to accuse the committee of having fallen short of its ideal. She is fond of telling a story of just such another dinner in New York, during which, with Mark Twain beside her, she had been conscious of her own slightness and silence among a large and voluble company. When she did, during a speech, make a carefully moderate sign of approval—not a clap or a hear-hear, but a little nondescript noise that was all her own, and her immediate neighbours—the great Mark turned on her with, "You are so boisterous!"

THE WHEEL AND THE WING



FITTED WITH SPECIAL WINDING-GEAR WHICH WILL HELP TO HAUL IT OUT OF CREVASSES; A MOTOR-SLEDGE BUILT FOR THE COMING GERMAN ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION.

This is one of the three special motor-sledges built for the expedition. In common with its companions, it is fitted with a special winding-gear designed to prove useful for hauling it out of crevasses, for landing stores, and for hauling sledges or trailers over broken surfaces.

Photograph by L.N.A.

hibit two specially light aero engines, one 60-h.p., the other 120-h.p., of entirely new design. The 60-h.p. has eight cylinders ($3\frac{3}{4}$ -in. bore by $5\frac{1}{2}$ -in. stroke). The cylinders are separately mounted on an aluminium crank-chamber at an angle of ninety degrees laterally. Both the induction and the exhaust valves are set in the combustion-heads, the exhaust-valves being mechanically operated, while the inlet-valves are automatic. This is an interesting return to first principles, or something near it, and the reasons for such a practice-return would be good to know. Both the water and the oil circulations are pump-forced and the petrol is pressure-fed to the carburetter. The total weight of the engine, complete with magneto, wiring-plugs, water-pipes, water-pump, oil-pump, piping and connections; but exclusive of fly-wheel, is 300 lb. = 5 lb. per h.p. The 120-h.p. is similar in all but the mechanical operation of all valves and the possession of 5-in. bore and 7-in. stroke. Weight 580 lb. = 4.2 lb. per h.p.

Why Aeroplane Progress is Slow. It is often suggested that the development of the aeroplane will equal or exceed that of the motor-car, and in this the unthinking unhesitatingly concur. Indeed, the rapid progress of the automobile is held up as an example of what may be expected in connection with the flying-machine. But as Mr. Rankin Kennedy, in his interesting book, "The Principles of Aeroplane Construction," to which I referred in my notes of last week, shows, the two cases are totally different. "In the motor-car there are no new problems: cars on wheels, cars on common roads, were no new means of locomotion, and the elements of the highest developments in motor-cars even to-day are old inventions. The rapid development was, in fact, due to there being no great discoveries or inventions needed in its design. It only required money and engineering ability to adapt the inventions, which were well known and ready for application, coupled with the important conditions that the motor-car was a desirable thing itself among wealthy people, and the risks taken in driving it upon the roads were trivial and more exciting than anything else." Now the risks taken in manipulating a modern

Wolseley Aero Engines at Olympia.

Many of the well-known motor firms take an interest in aviation from the engineering point of view, inasmuch as quite a few are showing internal-combustion engines for aeroplane propulsion at the Aero Exhibition. The Wolseley Tool and Motor Car Co., Ltd., ex-

aeroplane in mid-air are exciting enough; but the most practised aviator of them all would hardly call them trivial.

Good Roads for Ireland.

I speak without the book, but I should imagine that the sum to be allocated yearly to Ireland by the Road Board is considerably in excess of the amount she contributes. Nevertheless no motorists will grudge her her luck in this matter, particularly when they recall the fact that Ireland as a whole is a police-trapless country, and, if she had her own way, would cheerfully throw open her roads to motor racing. Maybe that will come, and the Irish Grand Prix will be the motor race of future years. Ireland wants good roads more than any other section of the United Kingdom, and, as she of the four partners is the least able to pay for them, the Road Board,

by the offer of £60,000 per annum towards the interest and sinking fund of a ten-year loan of £1,000,000, to be devoted to road-improvements in the Green Isle, has dealt with the matter in a very satisfactory manner. Given some improvement in her roads, motor tourists would pour into Ireland every summer, but at present the general condition of her highways scares off all but the mechanically callous.

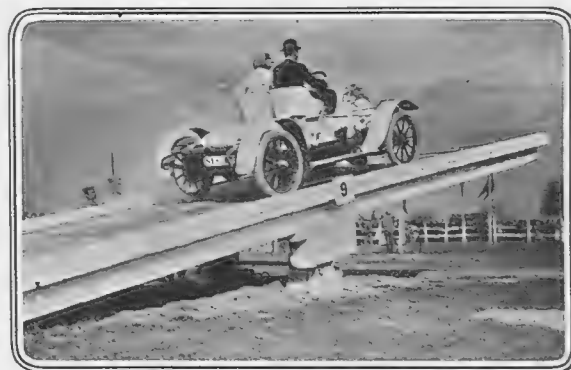
An Amble on an Adler.

Some few days since, I was afforded a country run on a 12-h.p. Adler, one of the cars represented by Messrs. Morgan and Co., of Long Acre and Old Bond Street. The reputation enjoyed by the Adler cars in the land of their nativity is unsurpassed, and the rapid manner in which they have gained recognition in this country is undeniable. When the German engineer starts out to produce a sound engineering

AWARDED THE £2000 PRIZE FOR THE FLIGHT ROUND THE STATUE OF LIBERTY AT NEW YORK, M. DE LESSEPS. It was reported the other day that the £2000 Statue of Liberty Prize, originally awarded to M. Moisant, had been given, on reconsideration, to M. de Lesseps. This means a decision that M. Moisant was not qualified to take part in the competition, according to the rules drawn up for it.—[Photograph by Topical.]

job, he is hard to beat, and soundness has been the admirable objective of those responsible for the Adler output. The sweetness and power of the 12-h.p. engine are remarkable, for, while as quiet

as can be desired, it pulls and accelerates in an astonishing manner, when the bore and stroke of its cylinders are borne in mind. Although the body in which I rode was something on the heavy side, and owing to the "cauld blast," a wind-shield of unusual area was raised, the car took all ordinary slopes on her top speed without a suggestion of labour, and, moreover, ran down to a mere crawl on the level without changing down. Also, the engine started on the switch whenever desired—a very comfortable feature.



SEE-SAW ON A MOTOR-CAR; AN AUTOMOBILE IN THE CENTRE OF AN OBSTACLE AT A RECENT CARNIVAL AT SEVILLE.

Obstacle races always present opportunities for the ingenious organisers to devise something new in the way of obstructions to the progress of the competitors. Our photograph illustrates a very novel kind of obstacle seen at a recent carnival at Seville, in which the competing motor-cars had to cross the see-saw in the manner shown.

whenever desired—a very comfortable feature.

[Continued on a later page.]

CRACKS OF THE WHIP

By CAPTAIN COE.

Handicaps.

In the search for a reason for the ill-success that has attended three-year-olds in recent years in handicaps run early in the season, it has been hinted that the handicapper is not allowed scope enough by the laws of the Jockey Club; and that if the range were extended a stone, horses in their second season would stand a better chance of winning, and thereby owners would be induced once more to enter three-year-olds. By adopting a larger range, horses at the foot of handicaps would undoubtedly not be so completely snuffed out as they are under existing conditions; but my impression is that an extra stone would not solve the difficulty. Neither am I sure that it is owing to the limit imposed on handicappers that three-year-olds are scarce in early handicaps. When horses of that age were more freely entered than they are nowadays, there were not so many opportunities of big prizes later in the year. But all that is changed now. There are scores of valuable handicaps to be won where there used to be but a few, and owners have less reason for forcing their young horses in the attempt to pick up a big plum while the season is young. The South African plan of split handicaps is a good one, and I wonder permission is not sought to try it over here, or something like it, at any rate. Why not allow the handicapper a range of six stone—say, from ten down to four? Ten stone cannot be a prohibitive weight for a thoroughbred, seeing that two-year-olds are frequently called upon to shoulder 9 st. 7 lb., and even more. Run the handicap in two sections, raising the lower half two stone. Thus those handicapped on the four-stone mark would be on what is the current minimum—namely, six stone. Or, if desired, the lower brigade could be raised three stone, giving a seven-stone minimum, as in the first section.

Journalist Owners. The recent successes of Mr. T. A. Edge as an owner of racehorses must have been exceedingly pleasant to him. Mr. Edge is a hard-working sporting journalist and a very capable amateur handicapper; indeed, in the latter aspect he does not rank far behind the late Mr. Fred Wear. Mr. Edge, as a rule, favours the plating class of horse as an owner; but in Hayden he purchased one far above that rank, although possibly the horse is not so good now as

when he won the Jubilee Stakes. Another well-known sporting journalist who runs a few horses is Mr. Cuthbert Wilkinson, whose colours, however, are not seen nearly so frequently as those of Mr. Edge. One of the most unfortunate things that ever happened to Mr. Wilkinson in connection with horses was when he lost Imperial II. after a selling race at Newmarket a few years ago. The



CAPTAIN HARDRESS LLOYD.

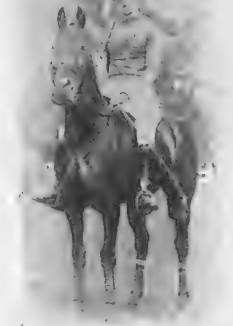
horse showed such brilliant speed that Mr. Sol Joel made up his mind to become its owner, and he finally bid beyond Mr. Wilkinson's limit. Imperial II. trained on into one of the fastest

horses in the country. The most successful of contemporary newspaper-men among owners is Mr. E. Hulton, the head of the great Manchester firm. He started ownership under the assumed name "Mr. Lytham," but has this year abandoned that pseudonym, and races in his own name. After a year or two of moderate success he launched out and paid big sums for a few horses, with the result that last season his winning total exceeded £7000. His horses are trained by that master of the craft, R. Wootton, and he has the advantage of second claim on Frank, the elder of that trainer's sons, one of the best boy-jockeys of all time.



MR. E. W. E. PALMES
(10th Hussars).

Betting Laws. The legislation in Holland by which it is sought to prevent betting in that country is one of the offshoots of the English Street Betting Act. The stupid endeavour to prevent men betting if they so desire caused many bookmakers, driven off the streets here, to establish themselves in Holland. The old and well-known firms, and some of the new ones, ran their business on straightforward, honest lines; but complaints were frequently made about the methods adopted by other of the new ones. And it may be said that the unsatisfactory state of the English law gave them their opportunity. I suppose it is too much to expect our Government to adopt the rational course of licensing bookmakers and exacting a fee from the same—a fee which they would gladly pay, for it would consequently follow that they would be in a position to recover debts in a law-court. As the law stands at present, anyone pleading the Gaming Act can get out of a debt of that character. The men who were the strongest supporters of the Street Betting Act are men who are frequently heard talking about class legislation. Yet that Act, which they hailed with joy, is one of the worst samples of class legislation: it allows some men to place their bets anywhere so long as they run a credit account, and in cash (if they so desire) on the racecourse, while it practically excludes the small punter. By licensing bookmakers an end would be made of the defaulter.



CAPTAIN LESLIE CHEAPE
(King's Dragoon Guards).



CAPTAIN H. WILSON, D.S.O.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

Several interesting handicaps are in the list of this week's races.

My selections are: Derby, to-day—Sudbury Plate, Scion; Portland Plate, Mesalleanza; Dove-ridge Handicap, Long Set. To-morrow, Chatsworth Stakes, Scarlet Button; Derbyshire Plate, Victory; Chaddesden Plate, Syce. Alexandra Park, Friday—Middlesex Plate, Powhatan; Three Years' Handicap, Chateau Vert; County



MR. NOEL EDWARDS
(9th Lancers).

Handicap, Elastic. Saturday—Alexandra Handicap, Hayden; Grove Welter, Sherboro; April Auction Stakes, Beau Bois. Newmarket, Tuesday—Fifty-Second Biennial, Alice; Ashley Plate, Bill and Co.

INTERNATIONAL POLO: THE ENGLISH TEAM FOR THE AMERICA CUP.

Present arrangements holding good, the English players, whose portraits we give, will have five weeks' practice in America before the first test match. Accommodation, which includes a polo-ground, is ready for them at Mr. George Gould's place, Lakewood. Captain Hardress Lloyd has sent thirty-five ponies to the United States for the event.

Photographs by Sport and General.

WOMAN'S WAYS

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The End of the Chaperon.

In that most amusing book of reminiscences, "Notes from the Life of an Ordinary Mortal," we learn, for the first time, the exact date of the abolishment of the chaperon, and the persons who were responsible for her virtual disappearance—at any rate, in an aggravated form—from our midst. This portentous event began, it seems, in the year 1884, and in the family of the wife of our present Prime Minister. Mr. Liddell tells us that Miss Laura and Miss Margot Tennant were young ladies of the highest accomplishments, devoted to sport, and of a lively turn of mind. Lady Tennant, on the other hand, was "a delightfully placid person, who was allowed a great deal of liberty by her daughters, and seldom interfered in social arrangements." It was at The Glen, Sir Charles Tennant's lovely place in Scotland, that the fashion was first seen, in these islands, of the younger members of the family setting the pace, so to speak—a pace which produced, according to our author, "a gaiety and abandon" which made a stay with the Tennant family resemble "a perpetual valse."

There was no attempt, he declares, at chaperonage, which caused some astonishment to a visitor who, although only thirty-eight, had been brought up in somewhat severe aristocratic circles. "All the old-fashioned restrictions as to the manner or place of companionship between young men and maidens were entirely ignored," says the autobiographer, with the result that an invitation to The Glen became one of the most sought after by everyone of note. This wise policy of trusting young people of the right sort together has done more for the equality of woman than a thousand pamphlets or rivers of rhetoric. The abolishment of the chaperon was the beginning of freedom.

Woman Becomes Articulate.

At last, it would seem, Woman is becoming articulate in literature. Up to the last decade or so the feminine writer not only adopted a masculine pseudonym, but invariably adopted also masculine standards, especially towards her own sex; saying, in short, what her men-folk thought it proper and reasonable she should say. Marie Bashkirtseff, who was twenty years before her time, wrote, in her intimate diary, with the frank egotism of a young girl of genius, much to the astonishment of a bourgeois world, which took for granted that its young feminine contemporaries were colourless in character, acquiescent in all existing social laws, and thinking only of possible dance-parties and husbands. Now the woman writer, especially in Teutonic and Scandinavian countries, is revealing her inmost soul with singular frankness. Fru Karine Michaëlis, the now famous Dane, sets out to depict the mental attitude towards life and marriage of the woman of forty. And in her novel, "The Dangerous Age," she reveals a fact which I have long suspected—namely, that when a wife touches twoscore years, she is, unless she has married some exceptional man, thoroughly disillusioned and sometimes actively bored. This state of mind is, to

be sure, always ignored by masculine writers and makers of jokes, who imagine that the *désillusionnement* is always on the side of the husband. Now that the feminine novelist is determined to unburden her inmost soul on the most portentous matters, we must look to see some curious revelations, and some which will not be altogether flattering to her contemporary, *l'homme moyen sensuel*.

The Weak Spot in Our Home Life.

The British "home circle" has been attacked with such vigour and ferocity of late by social critics in our own islands that it is pleasing to find a Frenchman declare that English home life is, as a matter of fact, "generally delightful"—though he qualifies his praise by adding "except when it comes to meals." I fancy that it is not only the cooking which our M. Emile Lesage objects to—the vegetables à l'eau, the heavy pies and pastries, the eternal joints—but the dullness and absence of intelligence in the conversation round the average domestic board. Too often, in England, the talk is left entirely to the younger generation—the father being too tired and the mother too apathetic to interest themselves in general subjects. It is related that in the household of the late E. A. Freeman, the historian, no topic later than the Battle of Hastings was ever allowed to be discussed. Without going to these extremes, it must be confessed that something might be done by the heads of families to raise the tone of our conversation, which has, if the truth must be told, an aridity, a frivolity, which is not to be found among better-educated European peoples. The excessive interest taken in games, for instance, though doubtless conducive to health, does not tend to uplift our dinner-table talk; while the other topic dear to young Britons of both sexes—namely, "musical comedy"—does not offer a wide field for æsthetic criticism. There is no doubt that discussion is stimulating to thought, and thought is precisely what we, as a people, are at present excessively shy of. The sooner we begin to make the home circle intelligent the better.

Herbert Spencer and Strawberry Jam.

There is more than one delicious but well-authenticated story of Herbert Spencer, which proves that the great philosopher of the nineteenth century had certain engaging and boyish tastes with which readers of his works would hardly credit him. The latest relates how, on being asked why he ate strawberry jam for breakfast, the author of "First Principles" solemnly replied that "the beneficial effects of happiness upon mankind have been much underrated, owing to the over-respect paid to asceticism." The Eton boy at his tuck-shop argues in precisely similar a fashion, though unable to voice his emotions in such imposing phrases.



A COSTUME FOR THE COUNTRY.

This tailor-made costume for the country is in green tweed, with revers and cuffs faced with white cloth. The hat, to match, is of stitched cloth, ornamented with two eagle-feathers.



[Copyright.]

SMART AND SPORTING: THE "CHESTERFIELD" COAT.

The "Chesterfield" coat, made by the Aquascutum Co., of 100, Regent Street, is suitable for race meetings, or, in fact, for general wear in the country or town. The hat, of similar tweed, is called the "Annerley," and is trimmed with an aigrette of feathers.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on April 10.

CONSOLS AND THEIR KINDRED.

FOR the past few years our columns have borne abundant testimony to the manner in which gilt-edged securities have been neglected in favour of foreign government issues paying higher rates of interest. Politicians on both sides have worn the same subject threadbare in their endeavours to make party capital out of the tendency, but to the unprejudiced observer the trend was natural as it was inevitable, politics entirely apart. At any rate, the result is seen in the high range of prices to which foreign government bonds have been forced—a standard that leaves little chance of further improvement, and consequently one that deprives this market of any pronounced attraction. We happen to know that some of the Stock Exchange brokers with big foreign connections are now suggesting to their clients that the latter should cease from further investment in the bonds, and put money into British and Indian securities, on the ground that these have good enough prospects of improvement to warrant employment of capital in them even at low rates of interest. The sympathetic attitude of the Government towards the movement for the popularising of Consols has altered the whole focus of the outlook for the Funds; and, in view of the approaching reduction in the Bank Rate, the Consol Market is not at all a bad place to be a bull in at the present time.

UNDERGROUND RAILWAY STOCKS.

The boom in Metropolitans and Districts made so rapid a pace that scepticism as to its staying powers through a nineteen-day account is at least excusable, although the gambler naturally looks beyond the immediate moment. On merits, Districts cannot be defended at 32 or thereabouts, and imagination needs a rosy touch to see why Metropolitan should stand at 54. But hopes are crowned by the Coronation, and it must be admitted that the market looks good enough to encourage the idea of its going better still. Central Londons have more reason for their quieter advance, and we trust that readers of ours took the advice offered here to buy the stocks on several occasions before the rise started. City and South Londons, like Districts, are not worth the present price, on merits, and the market in the stock is too treacherous for us to counsel the purchase now. A rise of 7s. 6d. in Great Northern and City Preferred "A" shares took the price to 25s. middle. They are £10 shares fully paid, and not a bad speculation for those who care for a rank gamble. The Company has not been able to meet, out of its own resources, the full amount of Debenture interest during the past few half-years, the deficiency being made up by a group of gentlemen interested in the undertaking.

MORE INVESTMENTS.

Last week, we gave a selection of investments yielding as nearly as possible 5 per cent. on the money. This time we vary the list with a more widely spread assortment.

* * * * *

Take South-Eastern Railway Preferred Ordinary as an example. It is a 6 per cent. stock, standing at 124, so that the return is about $\frac{1}{2}$ under 5 per cent. Only lately has it received its full dividend, so there still sticks a certain amount of discredit in respect of recent history. But the Deferred is in the dividend-list again, and likely to remain there. The Preferred should go to 130 at the very least.

* * * * *

Shoot over to another part of the globe, and discover Antofagasta and Bolivia Railway Deferred stock. Because the title happens to be forbidding is no good reason for shunning a Company that is earning 15 per cent. on this stock, and paying $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Market estimates go for an increase to 8 or 10 per cent. Put the amount at the former, and the stock, which will return $5\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. on the money at 142, is surely cheap.

* * * * *

You may prefer an investment near at home again, spiced with a speculative flavour. Try Lipton's. The Ordinary stand at 23s. 3d., and get 6 per cent. dividend. If the boom in tea does not turn out to have benefited Lipton's fairly well, there will be grievous disappointment. But the Company has rubber too on its estates, and here comes in the speculative zest. There are many worse shares than Lipton's.

RUBBER.

The Rubber-share market is plagued with Mincing Lane manipulation of the raw stuff. It is really ridiculous that the fiddling up and down of rubber to the tune of a few pence a day or week should cause violent fluctuations in the prices of the shares; because, after all, the Companies' profits are governed by the average prices obtained during every half-year, and are only infinitesimally affected by a penny fall in the morning and a twopenny rise in the afternoon. Antwerp's sale on Thursday in last week went off better than most people anticipated, and we have in front of us a circular from one of the biggest rubber firms in that city, reporting that "American manufacturers have strongly supported our to-day's sale." Keen interest centres in what the Brazilian

Syndicate will do in the way of holding back the raw material pending better prices being obtainable. While it cannot be supposed that such an artificial holding-up makes for ultimate confidence, the immediate effect should be to stiffen the quotation for Rubber, and the supplies presumably will be dribbled out during the months of normally small receipts of Para, in order to equalise the amounts available for consumption.

EGYPTIAN SHARES.

There is the liveliest little gamble springing up in the shares of some of the Egyptian Companies, apart from the banks, and other such high-class institutions. We refer to shares like Delta Lands, Khediveal Mail, United Egyptians, and others which have been for some months past almost a dead market. Nominally, the movement is based on merits, dividends, and intrinsic worth. Actually, it is a gamble—out and out—and people who have made money in Rubber, Rails, Oils, Cements, and Perus are having a flutter now in Egyptians. And we don't think they will do any harm, either, provided they are not too greedy in the matter of wanting big profits.

SOME SUGGESTIONS.

A well-informed correspondent sends us the following suggestions for investments yielding 5 and 6 per cent. interest with reasonable safety. We have carefully considered what our correspondent says, and agree with him that, considering the return obtainable, the stocks are all suitable for purchase by our readers; none of them are gambling counters, nor the sort of thing to buy for a quick turn, but we think no one will have to regret a purchase as an investment. The Bank of Persia we like least, although those who fish in troubled waters not infrequently do well—

You are quite right in pointing out that most of the best Trust stocks cannot be bought, and there is a point in connection with these you might like to draw attention to some day—namely, the heavy deduction for income tax; say, on a dividend of 9 per cent., nine times 1s. 2d., equal to 10s. 6d., or over $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. off the yield.

Imperial Bank of Persia shares, on which there is no liability, yield, I think, even now nearly 6 per cent., *free of tax*.

Dalgety and Co. Ordinary, on which there is a heavy liability, counterbalanced by exceptionally strong position and ability and conservatism of management, yield, I think, nearly $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., *free of tax*.

There is another 5 per cent. which you may be glad of: Gordon Hotels $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. First Mortgage Debentures, interest covered about five times in worst year; yield £5, or thereabouts. The $3\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. Debentures are not to be gotten—at least, that has been my experience; so I bought the $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., which are relatively quite as good.

Then another good investment, interest being guaranteed by Underground Electric Railways Co. of London—*unquestionable* security, I should say—is Metropolitan District $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. assenting Preference; yield $4\frac{1}{2}$ or nearly. This latter I should prefer to Central London Preference Ordinary, yielding same rate, but, as you say, the interest here has always been well covered. You will find that Districts should on present rate of traffic increases be earning a fair amount of the Second Preference interest, and I think the Ordinary are not so far off a dividend as some imagine. There is only £3,000,000 odd of the Ordinary.

Our correspondent "Q" writes, under date March 23—

I hear from a good authority that *Hudson's Bays* will advance to 140, and many more unlikely things have happened. With Canadian Pacifics soaring to new high records day by day, it is very probable that Hudson's Bays, which are still well below their own record, will be taken in hand. The same reasons for appreciation apply in both cases—namely, the prosperity of Canada and the ever-increasing value of its land.

The *American Investment Trust* Company has followed the example of the Foreign and Colonial Investment Trust, and raised the distribution on the Deferred stock from 7 to $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The stock is quoted nominally at 128 cum-div. of £5, which is at least 10 points below its true market value. Q.

Saturday, March 25, 1911.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor.

The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

T. W. W.—Your Company is a reconstruction of the Russian Estates and Mines, Ltd. It is said to be a good gamble, but we should advise taking profit.

WORRY.—We should hold on if the shares were our own. You will get a dividend in May, and we believe the Company is doing well.

MARCH.—In this week's Notes you may find a suggestion that will suit you, and if you look over our past Issues of this year you will see the various stocks we have recommended.

E. R.—(1) The Company is not at the address you name. It is very likely in liquidation, and if you send us one shilling to pay the Somerset House fee we will search the file and tell you for certain. (2) We prefer the Tea Company, and think it a good investment.

PUZZLED.—We cannot explain why the Tanganyika Debentures are at a discount and the shares at a high premium. The whole thing is an anomaly. We would rather buy Debentures than shares at present prices.

D. W.—Your letter was answered on the 27th inst.

THE STANDARD CHEMICAL IRON AND LUMBER COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD., is about to offer 7 per cent. Cumulative Preference Stock at 95. The Company is a Canadian Corporation formed to effect an amalgamation of four existing concerns, and to take over the long-termed contracts of the Standard Chemical Company of Toronto, to take the total output of crude alcohol and charcoal from the Dominion Chemical Company and the Wood Products Company of Canada. The net estimate of the annual earnings of the concerns to be taken over and the improvement in the profits by the amalgamation are set down as 439,000 dollars, or sufficient to pay the interest on Debentures and the dividend on the Preference stock, and leave a surplus sufficient to pay 9 per cent. on the common stock. The Board is a strong one, and the issue is made through Lloyd's Bank, Ltd.

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Flying Rumours. Possibly if the first letter were omitted from the first word we should be right; but, although our headlines are cross, they must be polite! I read a little while ago that it was understood that the Maids-of-Honour would not be



TO STIMULATE THE "YOUNG IDEA": THE CUP PRESENTED BY SIR THOMAS DEWAR TO THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF MINIATURE RIFLE CLUBS.

In order to encourage those whose object it is to teach "the young idea" how to shoot, Sir Thomas Dewar has presented this silver cup for annual open competition to the National Association of Miniature Rifle Clubs. The cup, which is three feet high, was made by the Alexander Clark Manufacturing Company, of 125, Fenchurch Street, E.C.

Birthfully regarded. "Imagine being told not to take a bouquet to the Abbey!" said a much-amused peeress. "One only takes flowers to church for weddings, not to a service so solemn and religious as a Coronation." The Queen takes, I am told, a very serious view of this service; and that she does so is easily understood. Twaddle about carrying bouquets is therefore out of place.

Brocades and Brocatelles and Brochés. They have all entered triumphantly this season, to the great benefit of dress for ceremonious occasions. Of course, they have returned in very different guise from that in which they left us—far more supple, far more graceful, of much softer effect. Our women are so tall and slight that Venetian, Grecian, and Princess robes in these beautiful fabrics will suit them perfectly. Miss Milner, when she marries the Marquess of Linlithgow, on Primrose Day, will wear a perfectly beautiful robe of white-and-silver brocade, with most beautiful old Venetian point lace as panels. She is tall and slender, and carries herself like a well-born English girl who is an adept at all outdoor sports and games, who dances beautifully and moves with grace. She will be a beautiful bride.

Beautiful and Reliable. That always up-to-date firm the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' Company, 112, Regent Street, have issued a book anent the King's Coronation which is a really reliable guide as to crowns and coronets. Full-page pictures of the crowns worn by Queen Victoria and King Edward, and of the coronets of princes and nobility in their different degrees, are given in colour, magnificently produced. To say that the book is worthy of the occasion and of the firm by which it is produced is very high

praise. It is, however, the fact; any finer representation of crowns and coronets than these there could not be. Their correctness in every detail is secured by their having been prepared under the supervision of the College of Heralds. Special arrangements have been made by the Company for the manufacture of these coronets at exceptionally low prices.

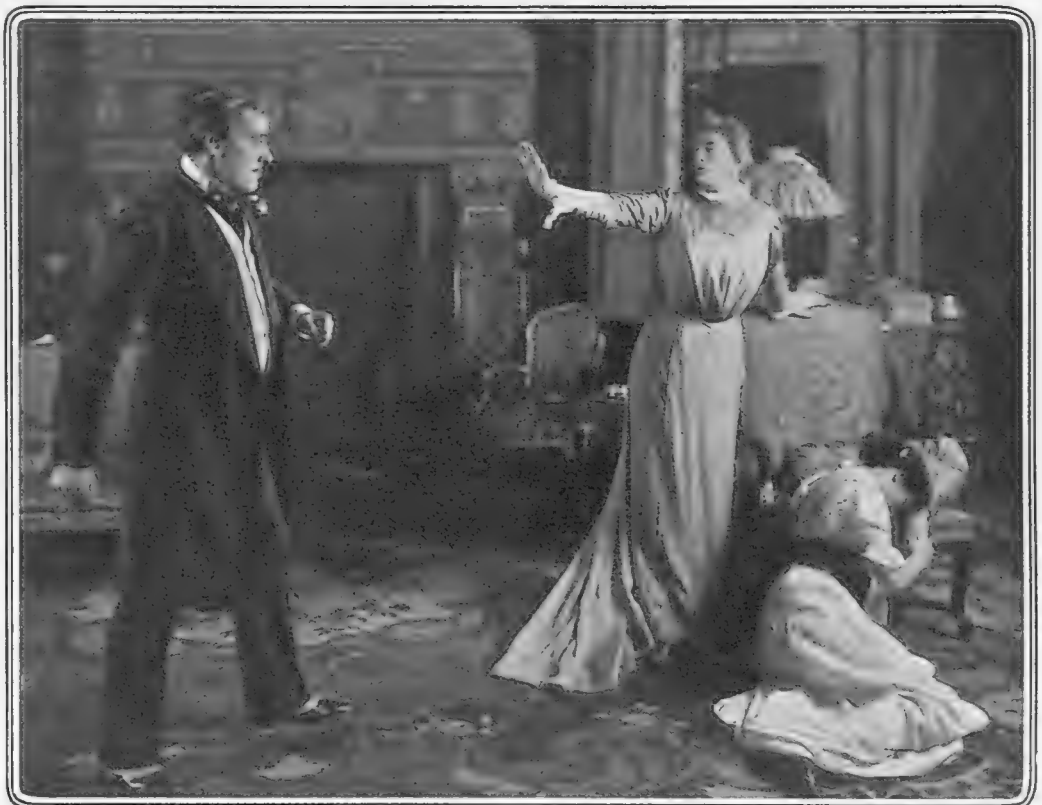
The Only Original. Eau de Cologne distilled anywhere but in Cologne must surely be most unsatisfactory. That which has made its mark in England, the Original "4711," has been distilled at Cologne since 1792 from the real original recipe, and is distilled nowhere else. There is no better to be had, and in order to secure it, Original "4711" should always be asked for or ordered. The use of the word "Original" makes it absolutely certain that this refreshing, invigorating, and perfectly pure Eau de Cologne will be provided.

Easter Week Weddings.

The rush of weddings from Easter Tuesday until May will be, I think, a record. On Tuesday in Easter week Miss Anstruther, of Rutland House, will be married to Count Bonde, Swedish Minister in Berlin; on Wednesday, the very interesting wedding of the Marquess of Linlithgow with Miss Doreen Milner occupies the place of honour. On Thursday there are numbers of weddings, including those of Lady Lettice Cholmondeley and Mr. Pryce Harrison; Miss Victoria Fitzroy, daughter of the Rev. Lord Charles and Lady Charles Fitzroy, and Mr. Richard Sturgis Seymour (this wedding was first fixed for the 19th); Miss Florens Herbert, daughter of Colonel Sir Ivor Herbert, M.P., and Mr. Walter Roch, M.P.; Miss Winifrede Scudamore and Mr. Robert H. Mitchell. On Saturday in Easter week, the Hon Sackville Tufton, son of Lord and Lathy Hothfield, will marry Miss Cicely Hill.

Smart, Neat, and Rainproof.

Thoroughly well built and well cut, tailored clothes are what are most wanted by women in our climate. When we can get them as we can from the Aquascutum Co., 100, Regent Street, in all the newest and most beautiful tweeds and cloths rendered perfectly rainproof, we can feel nobly independent of the weather, and keep up the reputation, now secure to British women, of looking well dressed in all circumstances. All the coats, skirts and hats that are made at this well-known establishment are really smart. One coat is called the "Chesterfield," with a long roll collar, suitable for race meetings or town or country wear. With it is a hat of similar tweed, with a stitched stiff brim, called the "Annerley." It is finished with an aigrette of pretty breast and wing feathers, in colours harmonising with the tweed. The coat in a fishing-suit is furnished with large flap-covered pockets, and is made with expanding pleats at the back. The skirt is plain, short, and serviceable. It is called the "Teesdale," while the tweed hat worn with it is called the "Molesey." There is a fine selection of these smart, well-cut, rainproof garments at the company's fine premises. Motor-coats with detachable leather linings, and fleece blanket coats are also specialties.



The Comte de Maigny (Mr. Laurence Irving).

Odette (Miss Geraldine Olliffe). Christiane (Miss Mabel Hackney).

"THE LILY," WHICH IS TO BE TRANSFERRED FROM THE KINGSWAY TO THE DUKE OF YORK'S ON THE WITHDRAWAL OF "LOAVES AND FISHES"; ODETTE PROTECTS HER SISTER, CHRISTIANE, FROM THE WRATH OF HER FATHER, THE COMTE DE MAIGNY.

Mr. Laurence Irving is to transfer "The Lily" from the Kingsway Theatre to the Duke of York's, when "Loaves and Fishes," is withdrawn from the latter theatre. Later on, he will give also a new one-act play by himself, "The Terrorist," a "thriller with a happy ending." Still further in the future, he hopes to produce Mr. Walter Frith's "Margaret Catchpole."

THE WHEEL AND THE WING

(Continued.)

Easter Monday at Brooklands.

Given decent weather, Brooklands should prove a great outing on Easter Monday. The programme for that day includes no fewer than nine car and two motor-cycle races. Racing commences at two o'clock, while flying for the generous prizes offered will, weather permitting, be continued all the afternoon. This will afford a great opportunity to those who have not yet experienced the thrill of watching aviation. A new class race, the 18-h.p., is introduced for the first time, while the Declaration Handicap promises to be replete with interest. In this event each driver has to declare what the speed of his car will be between certain points, and unless he performs there or thereabouts, he will get no satisfaction though he win. The A. A. and M. U. scouts will cover all the approaches to the grounds outside the Metropolitan Police area.

British Cars in the Light-Car Race.

The fact that British cars have been entered for the Light-Car Race at Boulogne next June is proof that, in their stubborn opposition to any sort of competition, the Society of Motor-Manufacturers and Traders do not represent the opinion of the whole of the English trade. Up to the moment of writing, four cars representing this country have been entered—to wit, one Sunbeam, by the Sunbeam Motor Company, of Wolverhampton; and three Arrol-Johnstons, by the firm of that name hailing from Paisley. It is noteworthy that those particularly concerned with the production of these vehicles are, or have been, more or less closely connected with France. The designer of the Sunbeam is M. Coatalan, who came to this country with a great driving reputation; while the Mr. Pullinger, who is responsible for the Arrol-Johnston cars was for a long time connected with the great Darracq firm. And this before he became responsible for the fine cars produced by the Humber Company at their now relinquished Beeston Works. Fifty entries for this sporting event are confidently expected, and, in addition to Great Britain, Spain, Italy, Germany, and Belgium are certain to be represented.

A Possible Vauxhall.

Amongst the French and Belgian cars likely to run are the Sizaire-Naudins, already well known on this side of the Channel by the representation of Messrs. Jarrott and Letts, Ltd.; the Alcyons, one or more of which will be fitted with valveless motors; and the Grégoires, which also have some vogue here owing to the agency of Captain Theo Masin, who handles the Germain cars as well. It

is also rumoured that the Vauxhall Motor Company may be represented by one or more machines, and in the best interests of this country this is a consummation devoutly to be wished. If there is one firm here which has studied how to obtain the maximum of power from the minimum of piston-swept area that firm is the firm established at Luton. As amateur drivers are to be permitted, it is likely that that finished motorist, Mr. Kidner, may be seen at the helm of one of the Vauxhalls. It is regrettable that the 20-h.p. Singer, which did so well at Brooklands, is not yet mentioned as a starter.

The Disposition of Prizes.

Much has been written of late as to the disposition of the numerous valuable and handsome prizes now on offer for various flying events and feats. All these prizes can be won by the use of aeroplanes as they at present exist; and when the end of the competitive season is reached, the machine, as a machine, save for improvements in detail, will stand just where it does at this moment. It is to be regretted that a portion of the funds to be expended in this way cannot be offered for the best improvement made in flying-machines during the year—an improvement which must conduce more or less to the automatic stability of the machine. None of the contests contemplated serve to any extent to take the aeroplane out of the region of a trick machine—that is to say, a machine which depends for its stability upon the skill and address of the aviator controlling it. I do not, of course, suggest that the direction and the ascending and descending of the machine should not be amenable to human control, but in the aeroplane of the future this is all that should concern the aeroplanist.

Asserted Stability.

The Aero Show, now open at Olympia, should be visited by all who take interest in the progress of aviation, for it is only by a study of the details of the construction of the modern aeroplane that one can realise where and how progress is being made. Great improvement in detail is noticeable throughout, and though, as I have suggested above, the last word is with the man and not with the machine, the machine itself is to-day a much more reliable and staunch construction than of yore. An attempt, how successful I cannot say at the moment, to obtain automatic stability is made in the machine shown by Messrs. Handley Page, Ltd., in their single-seater monoplane. The plan form and cross-section of the wings are founded upon data resulting from experimental research work, with the result that a pilot has only to steer the machine. It is asserted that on several occasions one of these aeroplanes has been flown with the pilot's hands completely off the controls.

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Incidents
from a Lady's life
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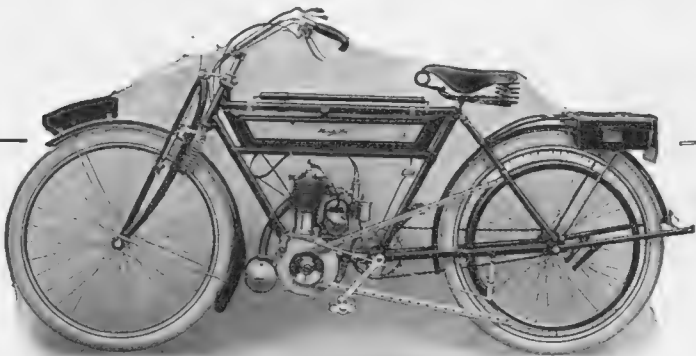
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3 quarts, Prince's Plate,	£9 15 0
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10 inch	£2 2 0	£7 10 0
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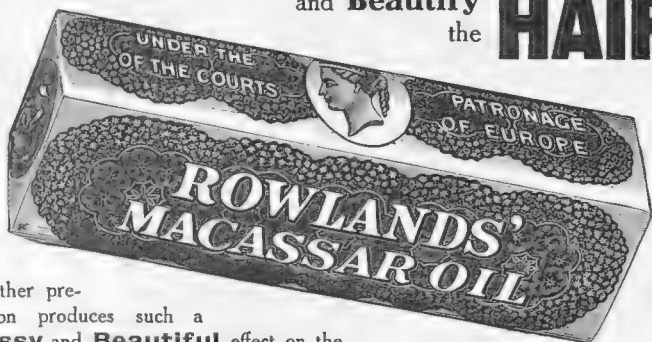
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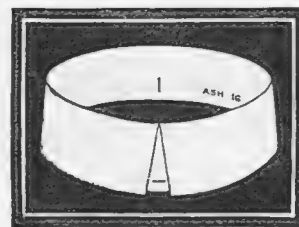
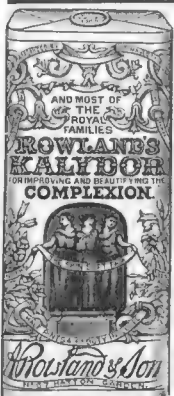
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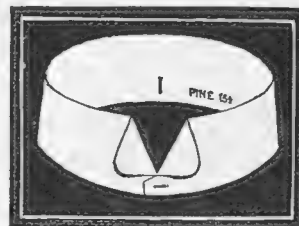
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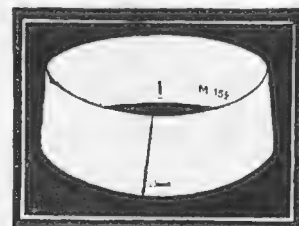
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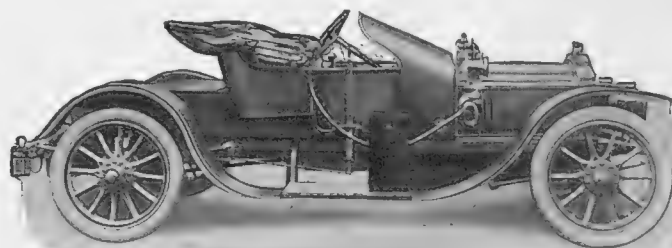
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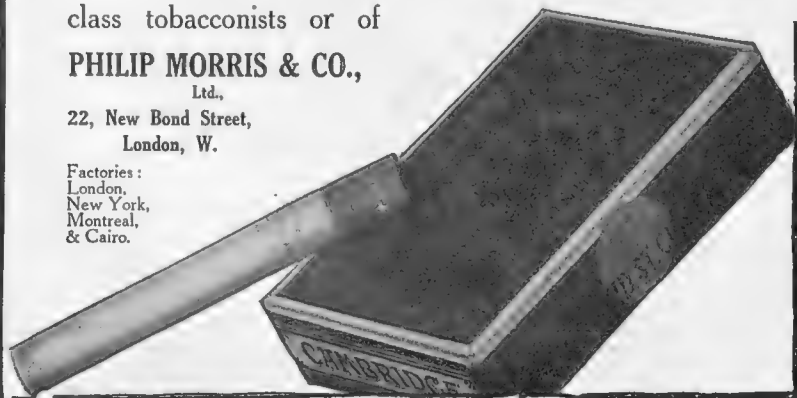
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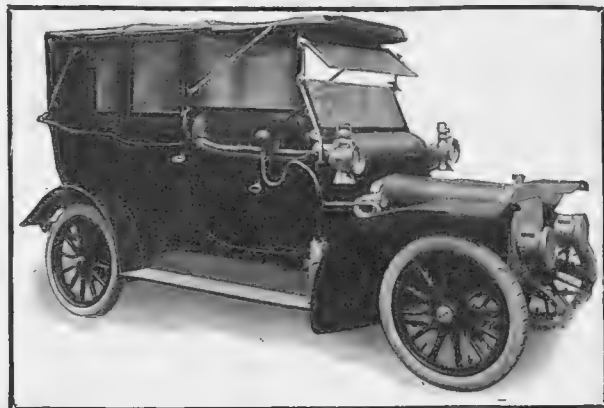
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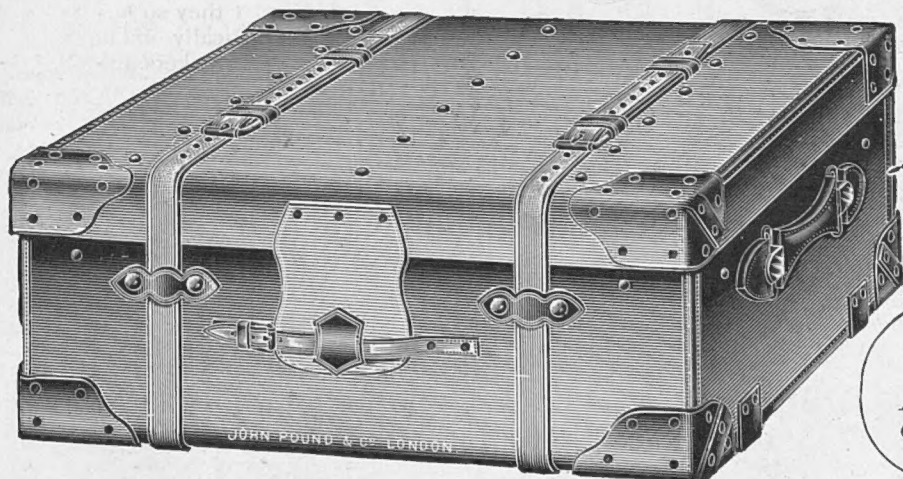
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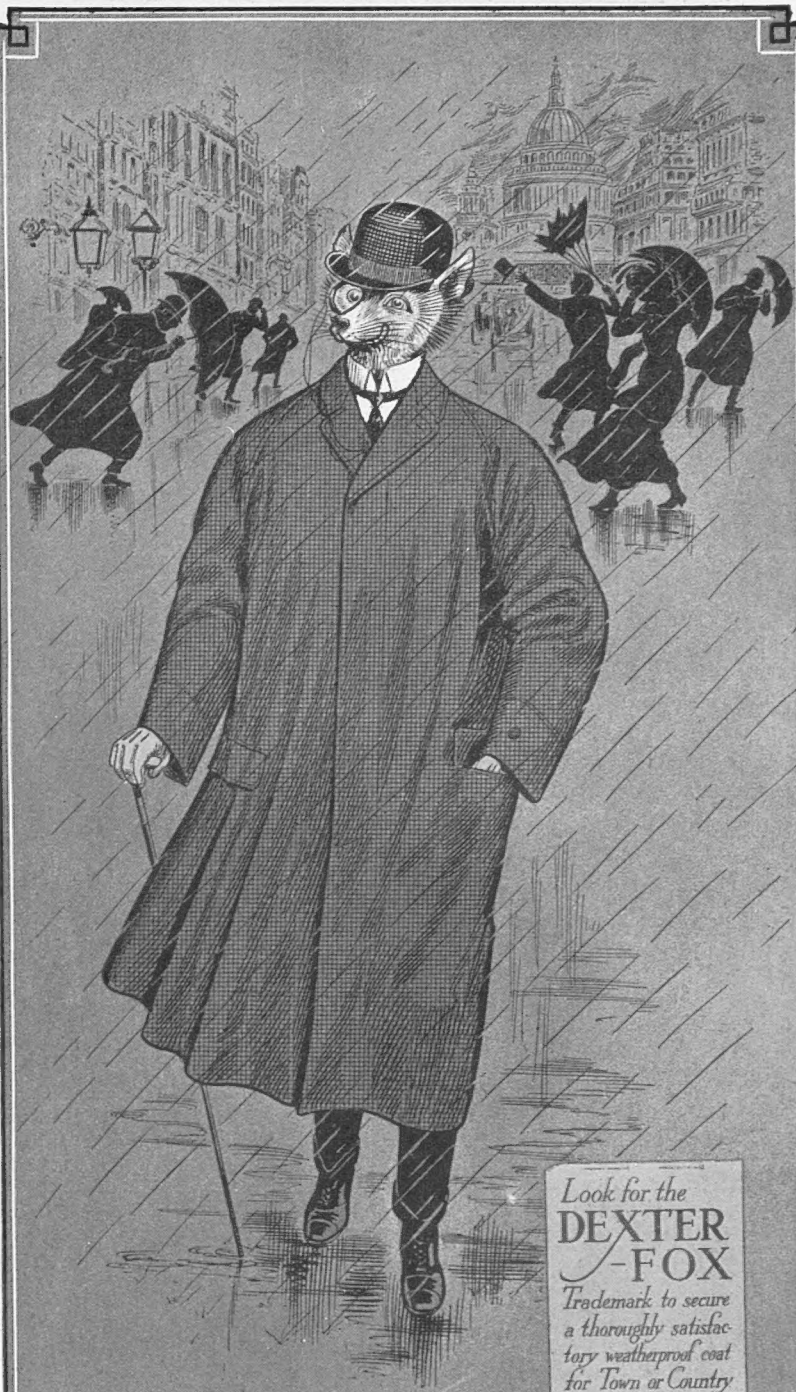
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